

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3437.—VOL. CXXVI.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1905.

WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT | SIXPENCE

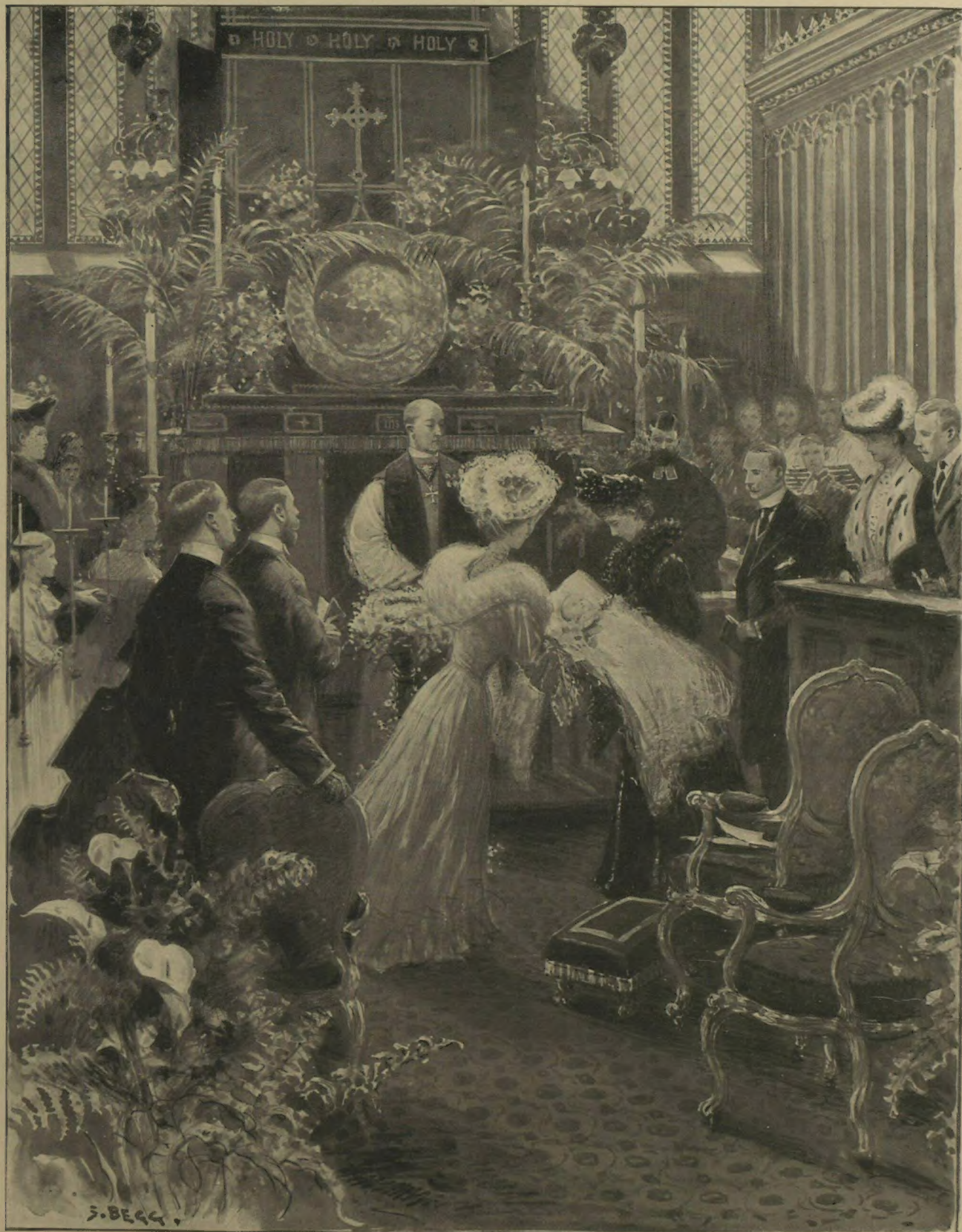
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The Queen.



THE QUEEN AS GODMOTHER AT THE CHRISTENING OF PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS'S INFANT SON IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

The ceremony, which took place on February 28, was performed by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

My condolences to Captain Klado. After figuring as the hero of the Dogger Bank, with the marvellous eyesight that can distinguish torpedo-boats at any distance in the dead of night, after lavishing the bounty of his great mind on interviewers, and impressing the conclave of Admirals by his command of the sea, it must be sad for Captain Klado to find himself summarily dismissed as the victim of an "optical illusion." What is the use of having your portrait in the illustrated papers, and of being the darling of people who believe any yarn, provided it be told by a Russian, if the end of it is that you and your yarn are consigned by a tribunal of experts to the realms of unlimited absurdity? And to think that the flamboyant Klado taunted the British naval witness as the man who presumed to teach the Admirals their business! And all the time they were quietly resolving that it was part of their business to make this bouncing Russ look extremely foolish! Dear, dear!

The Admirals have found that the precious Rozhdestvensky and his ships were never in the smallest danger; for, save in his imagination, no hostile torpedo-boats had any existence. Sane people reached that conclusion months ago. They knew also that an Admiral so ignorant of the North Sea that the Dogger Bank trawling-fleet was a surprise to him, and so ignorant of trawlers that he mistook one of their ordinary signals for a Japanese signal to attack, was not a credit to his profession. The Commission, having decided that he was hopelessly wrong, congratulates him on his "military qualities." This has excited some surprise. "If he was totally without warrant in firing on the fishermen, why," it is asked, "should his 'military qualities' be commended? And what have 'military qualities' to do with seamanship anyway?" That is where the fun comes in. The Russian Commissioner could not see it, poor man; but his colleagues, inspired, of course, by Admiral Davis, who is an American humorist, resolved to hint to the Tsar a fitting punishment for Rozhdestvensky.

You see, it happened like this. Admiral Davis was stirring his grog and handing round the largest Havanas to the company, when suddenly he exclaimed, "By the bones of George Washington, I've got it. Fournier, pass the lemon. I mean that I've got the very plan for stroking Rozhdestvensky the wrong way without hurting his feelings. Now we are all agreed that he's just about as much of a seaman as a Polar bear adrift on an iceberg." "I must protest," said Admiral Dubassoff. "This allusion to bears is not in the best taste." "No offence," resumed Admiral Davis. "I said Polar bears, and you haven't annexed the Pole, I guess. Spaul, my son, fill up Dubassoff's glass; we must comfort him all we can. Well, I say that as Rozhdestvensky has made a tarnation mess of seafaring, and we can't deny it, let us give him stars for his military qualities. That will be as good as saying to the Tsar, 'For heaven's sake, take him off the sea and send him to Manchuria. As he can't navigate a battle-ship, let him try his luck with battalions, poor devils!'" "What do you say to that, Beaumont?" "I am wondering," said Admiral Beaumont pensively, "what he is up to now—how he is taking his bearings off the coast of Madagascar, where, they say, the price of champagne has gone up seventy per cent."

"His bearings!" repeated Admiral Davis, lighting another long cigar. "You bet he can see

Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South America."

"I must protest," said Admiral Dubassoff, "against this reflection on the accuracy of the Russian charts." "Charts!" echoed Admiral Davis. "Don't you worry. It was only a potation from the poets." "Potation!" chuckled Admiral Fournier. "Ah, *mon cher*, I see you are what you call in your noble language one sly dog!" "Very well, gentlemen," said the American humorist; "so down it goes in our Report that Rozhdestvensky's military qualities needn't wear a blush. What do you say, Dubassoff?" "My Imperial and gracious master," replied the Russian gravely, "will know how to interpret this tribute to one of his most devoted subjects." "Ha! ha!" laughed the other Admirals, and then they all slapped Admiral Dubassoff on the back, and induced him to smile. I am assured on excellent authority in Paris, where a great many unfounded rumours have been flying about, that my account of this historical episode is true in every particular.

There is somebody in Paris—of what nationality who shall say?—with an unequalled capacity for writing the thing that is not. I have admired his genius very often, but never so much as when he took in the innocent Reuter, and nearly all the world, with a purely imaginary digest of the Commission's Report before the official text could be made public. Curiously enough, it was all in favour of Russia, and was hailed with joy at St. Petersburg, where the Admiralty officials confided to an

interviewer how glad they were that the Commissioners had given "full credence" to the yarn of the illustrious Klado. But when the truth came out, those Admiralty officials did not send for that interviewer and shed a tear upon his sympathetic chest for the sudden confounding of Klado's optic nerve. Perhaps they didn't mind; perhaps they thought that the glorious figment which gave them the victory for three days was worth the subsequent disillusion; perhaps they are confident that lots of Russians, far away in the direction of the Ural Mountains, will never know the truth, but will hand down the other thing to their posterity.

At last there is a popular yearning to understand Whistler. You can see it at the New Gallery, where young and old are flocking to the shrine of this great artist, and reverently peering into the heart of his mystery. They do really peer, for when I could not get near the pictures for the crowd, I saw dear old ladies in spectacles resolutely pressing into corners, and almost taking a "Nocturne" in their motherly arms, in their eagerness to get to the bottom of it. When Whistler looked at the river and the sea, he saw a strange and exquisite beauty, and made it so marvellously his own that you can only gasp and say, "Well, I should like to live with this if it were not so costly!" Such unsophisticated appreciation seemed to cheer the throng a little. A dear old lady would come away now and then from her intimate study of the "Nocturnes" with fewer wrinkles of bewilderment, perhaps, than she wore at first. Surely it was barbaric ages ago that people scoffed at these impressions of the Thames by night, which now take the eye and imagination captive, and lull them into a sense of infinite peace. "And don't the portraits," murmured a voice in my ear, "look as if they had been painted centuries at least? Doesn't the whole show wear an air of the Old Masters? Didn't the artist flourish about the time of Philip II., and wasn't his name Whistleriez?"

This is an extravagant fantasy, though, to be sure, the portrait of Whistleriez by himself seems to belong to some remote period; and apart from its technical merits, of which I know nothing, even after laborious effort to understand the critic who says that if the coat in the picture had not been left unfinished, so that it looks like the sort of garment worn by spectres in Christmas Numbers, the head would not have been successful; apart, I say, from its technical merits, it impresses itself upon you as the forcible presentment of somebody who lived in the very far by-gones. I watch the effect on the dear old ladies, who look into the catalogue to see who this is, and give quite a start when they find it is Whistleriez, and no other. He's tremendously alive, too, despite the lapse of centuries. "More alive than some of his portraits," continues that voice in my ear. "Carlyle's alive: he's saying, 'A man named Whistler painted me—a pair feckless body!' And that is quite mild for Carlyle. But do the others speak? Well, yes, Sarasate is bursting to tell us something." And I can hear the great violinist say—"Don't go yet. I'm much livelier than Philip II. or that overrated little girl in the short frock. Stay a moment and I'll play." "Very interesting," says a dear old lady, examining Sarasate; "but why does he look so sad?" Well, that's the reason.

As a topic of conversation the Whistler show must be making the tea-tables rattle. "I call it sublime." "Do you really? Well, I suppose my eyesight is failing, for there seemed to be a general fog; and there was one picture where the figures were mixed up together like Siamese twins—well, you needn't get cross about it!" Canon Ainger, in his delightful lecture on "The Art of Conversation," printed in the March *Cornhill*, wonders why people whose tastes have their roots in the "abyssal depths of personality" will argue the merits of favourite authors, seeking to "convert one another in the course of ten minutes' converse." But we do at least know something about the technical merits of great writers; whereas it is clear that only the painter or the art critic is competent to form an opinion about painting. Our ignorant eyes roam over the canvas, and then we hasten to air the pretence that the artist has nourished our souls, or proved his incapacity to offer them refreshment. A fly alights upon a masterpiece of Whistler's, and knows just as much about it as we do. But even from the abysses of personality, where everything is known, arise the sounds of wrangling. Deep calls unto deep, and calls names!

"To know something fairly—accurately, but not too accurately," says the sly Canon, "makes one acceptable in any society. Accuracy must not be pressed too far." Let me commend these blessed words to those controversial persons whose chief aim in conversation is to insist that they are right. I once heard Whistleriez declare that Sir Joshua's portraits are "larger than life." He did not say this, I am sure, as a stickler for accuracy; nor did he mean it as any imputation upon the other Old Master. It was a joyous assertion of the artist's right to defy pedantic measurement. Well, let us all talk like artists.

THE WORLD'S LONGEST TUNNEL.

(See Illustration.)

The Simplon Tunnel, the longest railway tunnel in the world, was completed on Feb. 24. It is the fourth Alpine tunnel and the second between Italy and Switzerland. Its direction is practically due north and south from Brigue in the Rhone Valley to Iselle in the Valley of the Diveria. The mammoth bore is exactly 12 miles 458 yards in length, while the St. Gothard Tunnel can boast only nine and three-quarter miles, the Mont Cenis seven and a half, and the Arlberg six and a quarter. The contractors for the colossal undertaking are Brandt, Braudan, and Co., of Hamburg.

Boring operations were commenced simultaneously on the Swiss and Italian sides in November 1898, and five years and a half were allowed for the completion of the tunnel. The mighty mountain, however, was not to be thus easily conquered without a last struggle to repel pigmy man boring through its vitals. Two-thirds of the work had been completed under normal conditions, when unsuspected reservoirs in the heart of the mountain were tapped, and inexhaustible cataracts of boiling water thundered through the fissures in the rocky walls of the tunnel, and the workmen fled for their lives. The temperature at the head of the tunnel rose suddenly to forty-five degrees Centigrade, and the volume of water increased to 1200 litres a second. All work remained suspended for several months, and at one time it was feared that the undertaking would have to be abandoned altogether.

The struggle between Nature and Man was long and severe, resulting in a victory, finally, for the latter. The Simplon really consists of two tunnels, each taking a single track, thus differing from the other Alpine tunnels, which have double tracks. This new method of construction was decided upon owing to the great length of the perforation and its great depth below the surface—the depth of the axis averaging 3740 feet and attaining 7000 feet in one place.

It would have been possible to make a shorter tunnel; but a tunnel at a higher altitude would have involved steep approaches, and experience has demonstrated that the cost of haulage of the trains up the gradients nullifies the initial saving effected by making the perforation as short as possible. The original plans were therefore adopted, and have been carried out with slight modifications. At the northern portal the Simplon Tunnel is only 2254 feet above sea-level, and on the same level as Brigue Station, some two miles away, whence it ascends for 10,000 yards to the summit-level of 2313 ft. It continues in a straight line for 550 yards, after which it descends at 1 in 143 for some 11,000 yards to the Italian entrance, which is 2080 ft. above sea-level. Except for a slight curve at each entrance the tunnel is dead straight for a distance of 12 miles and 105 yards.

How to ventilate the tunnel both during and after construction was the greatest and most difficult problem the engineers had to solve. They eventually decided to construct twin single-track tunnels, placed 58 ft. apart from axis to axis. The two tunnels are therefore entirely apart and distinct, except near the centre, where they become one for a distance of about 400 yards, in order to give room for a station, but throughout they are interconnected by transverse galleries every 220 yards. The idea was that the smaller tunnel should act as a ventilating shaft for the other, and so far this arrangement has proved very satisfactory. Thanks to this system, the trains in future will always run against currents of fresh air. At the beginning, however, only one tunnel—the larger—will be given the normal section—height, 18 ft., width, 16½ ft.—for a single track, and the smaller one completed when the gross traffic receipts exceed £350 per mile.

Both the Rhone and the Diveria have been "harnessed" to give the motive power, which represents 6000-horse power at each end.

The strata through which the bore has been driven were chiefly hard gneiss and schist, but the Brandt hydraulic rotating-drill was quite equal to every obstacle, achieving an average rate of progress of five yards a day. To give an idea of the greatness of the undertaking, it may be mentioned that up to November last no less than a million and a half *coups-de-mine* were exploded and seventy-five tons of dynamite used! The sociological, mechanical, and sanitary arrangements undertaken for the welfare of the miners—the majority of whom are Italians—have been perfect and elaborate. Mushroom towns have grown up on either side of the entrances of the tunnel, where the simple miners have been cared and catered for by a paternal management. The arrangements on behalf of the Simplon miners when working inside the tunnel have been equally elaborate. By means of sprays of glacier water, filtered before use, and relays of fresh air, which are passed through sprays and dried by wire-gauze screens, the temperature has been reduced 50 per cent. before reaching its objective.

In the same manner the foul air has been exhausted by the huge fans supplying the fresh to the volume of 60,000 cubic ft. per minute. According to the revised contract the first tunnel must be ready for traffic by April 30, 1905, in consideration of the sum of £3,120,000. There is little likelihood, however, that the first train will pass through the new tunnel before August next.

The enormous advantages of the Simplon Tunnel are apparent. It will effect a considerable saving of distance between London and the Adriatic, and for this reason will be chosen as the Eastern mail route between Dover, Calais, and Brindisi. It will inflict a heavy blow to German railway interests by winning back to France all the International traffic which she lost by the opening of the St. Gothard line. At the same time it will convert Genoa into a formidable rival to Marseilles as a seaport; and lastly it will prove a more economical route for commerce than both the Mont Cenis and St. Gothard because its conditions of grade are much more favourable.

H. DEVITTE.

PARLIAMENT.

The debate on the Address has been greatly enlivened by the eagerness of the Opposition for information about Sir Antony MacDonnell. Mr. Redmond moved the adjournment of the House to get a separate discussion of this subject. Mr. Wyndham read the correspondence between Sir Antony and himself before the Irish Under-Secretary was appointed, a correspondence, said Mr. Morley, honourable to both. But how had Sir Antony formed the idea that he was entitled to work for a policy of "devolution," which, as the Chief Secretary said, was incompatible with the principles of a Unionist Government? Nobody seemed to know. The Ministerial majority fell to forty-two. It went up to seventy-six on an Amendment calling for drastic changes in the land laws.

Mr. Kearley raised a debate on the Sugar Convention, to which he ascribed the rise in the price of sugar. Mr. Chamberlain argued that the Convention was really in accordance with Free Trade, that all the eminent Free Traders in the past had demanded the abolition of bounties, and that the Convention would make fluctuations in the price of sugar less violent than they had been before.

A discussion of the Macedonian question was initiated by Mr. Stevenson, who was supported by Mr. Bryce in the demand for the appointment of a Christian Governor of Macedonia, responsible to the Powers. Earl Percy replied that there was no disposition on the part of the Powers to take this step, and that isolated action on our part was impossible. Besides, no Christian Governor could reconcile the various races in a province where Greeks detest Bulgarians more than they detest the Turk.

There were discussions of military reform in both Houses. In the Commons Mr. Arnold-Forster declared that the efficiency of the Army was much greater than its critics had admitted, and spoke with confidence about the advantages of his own proposals.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY K.N.

At length there are indications that the Japanese have resumed hostilities, and that possibly a decisive battle has begun. At the time of writing our information comes wholly from Russian sources, and is to the effect that on Friday last, the 24th ult., a vast movement extending over a large area was commenced against their left—that is to say, to the south-east of Mukden and towards the railway-line from Harbin to Vladivostok. It appears certain that the Japanese have succeeded in seizing the Tsi-ling and the Ta-ling Passes, on their extreme right, and that they thus threaten at once both the rear of Kuro-patkin's army and his communications with his base and with Vladivostok. The precise development of the Japanese offensive is at the moment in doubt. Some of the correspondents credit Marshal Oyama with the intent of forcing a battle all along the front, while others seem to see in this movement projected operations for the investment of Vladivostok. It is interesting in this connection to note that there have been continued reports during the last few days of renewed activity on the part of the Japanese fleet, and that Japanese cruisers and destroyers are said to have appeared at various points on the Korean littoral between Broughton Bay and Song-Chin. It is quite possible that an opportunity has been taken to dispatch to some of the ports on this coast a field army composed of the Reserves and new levies which are known to have been ready for some weeks past in the Japanese depôts. It would not be at all surprising if the Japanese had made use of their superiority aloft to shorten the line of communications with the force under Kuroki on the Japanese right.

The outlook can by no means be said to be favourable for Russia, and it is somewhat extraordinary to find in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* a statement that one of the most famous of the English war-correspondents who has just returned to London after a short visit to St. Petersburg, and who was present with the Japanese forces up to the date of the battle of Liao-yang, should have expressed his opinion that "it might easily happen that before long the entire Japanese resistance would crumble up." There cannot be many correspondents whose experience has been that which is here outlined, so that the identification of this gentleman should not be difficult, and it would be most interesting to learn the facts upon which such an astounding view of the situation is based. Certainly from every other source, and all the known circumstances, the result appears more likely to be of a diametrically different character. We know that, owing to difficulties in connection with transportation, the Russians have been unable to accumulate on the scene of action all the forces they consider necessary, although those which they have are numerically very formidable. They lack also a sufficiency of stores, supplies, and munitions of war; while if they are forced to retreat they have not behind them the resources for making another stand short of the rail-head at Harbin. Then, too, disunion, dissatisfaction, and despondency prevail in the councils of the chiefs of the army, and should the outcome of the battle now raging be unfavourable to the Russian arms, it seems almost impossible to believe that the situation thus created will not be of the gravest character.

Further particulars show that the Russians have sustained yet another severe defeat at Tsin-ke-chen, a position held by 17,000 Russians. The Russian casualties are said to number altogether 200, and the Japanese

are now threatening the enemy's left flank. Further pictures of the fall of Port Arthur are to hand, and appear in our Supplement.

It is understood, although it has not been officially confirmed, that Lord Milner has resigned the High Commissionership and will shortly leave South Africa.

The popularity of the Japanese spaniel is exemplified this week in our portrait of the little dog belonging to Madame Stoesel, that went through the siege of Port Arthur. Queen Alexandra is particularly fond of these dogs, of which she possesses some of the finest specimens; and in the portrait which we gave of her Majesty last week the dog in her arms should have been named as a Japanese, and not as a King Charles spaniel. We give our picture of Madame Stoesel and her dog in the actual border published in Port Arthur.

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UNAUTHORISED REPRESENTATION.

As it has been ascertained that many unauthorised persons are in the habit of claiming to represent THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, the Editor desires that applications made in his name shall not be entertained unless the applicant presents an official card signed by the Editor himself or one of the Directors.

INDIGENT GENTLEWOMEN'S FUND OF

SCOTLAND.

(Supported by Voluntary Contributions.)

At the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT held THIS DAY in Edinburgh—Rev. Dr. BLACK, the Chair—the Names of FIFTY FOUR AFRICANS were added to the Roll of Annuitants.

On and after WEDNESDAY, March 15, Annuitants residing in or near Edinburgh may obtain payment on application to the Secretary and Cashier at his Office, between the hours of 11 and 3. The other Annuitants will be paid, as usual, through Local Clergymen.

JOHN ROXBOROUGH, Esq., Glasgow, who retires by rotation, was re-elected a Member of the Committee of Management, and Sir JOHN M. CLARK, Bart., Edinburgh, the Right Rev. A. E. CAMPBELL, D.D., Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway; and JOHN M. CLARK, Esq., Glasgow, who resigns by rotation, were elected to the Committee of Management. The late Rev. GEORGE PHILIP, D.D., Very Rev. Dean WATSON REID, and Sir JOHN NEILSON CUTHBERTSON, LL.D.

The COMMITTEE stands as follows—

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AND HAMILTON A. HOSKIN, Esq. (Manager, British Linen Company Bank, Edinburgh), Honorary Treasurer.

The COMMITTEE GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE RECEIPT OF THE FOLLOWING LEGACIES DURING THE PAST YEAR—

Miss ISABELLA DUNNETT, late of Warrington, County Down, Ireland, £ 4 6d.

per William Johnson, Solicitor, Newry, 257 3 6

Miss MCGROUTHER, Glasgow, per Messrs. Keay, Strang, and Co., Writers, Glasgow, 900 0 0

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Miss ISABELLA ROSS MOWBRAY, 38, India Street, Edinburgh, per Messrs. Jackson and Waddell, W.S., Edinburgh, 39 0 0

1904 1 6

Since the formation of the Society in 1842, it has distributed TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE THOUSAND AND SEVENTY-THREE POUNDS among its ANNUITANTS, and in 1904 the sum of £2867 was apportioned amongst 299 ANNUITANTS.

The COMMITTEE have pleasure in stating that owing to the receipt of the Legacies above detailed, they have resolved to raise the next £250 to £500, thereby giving the minimum Annuity of £50 to each Annuitant. A permanent addition of £250 per annum is required for this income. THE COMMITTEE ARE ANXIOUS TO RAISE STILL FURTHER THE MINIMUM GRANT OF £50 TO £100 AT LEAST.

Twenty Widows also receive Annuities from the late Miss Brown's Special Bequest for Widows, and the Committee continue their appeal for liberal contributions towards the Funds of the Society.

DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the SECRETARY and CASHIER, who will also be glad to receive the Names of Ladies willing to become Collectors. JAMES MCKERRILL BROWN, C.A., Secretary and Cashier.

44, Queen Street, Edinburgh; 27th February, 1905.

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CORRIDOR TRAIN.

ROYAL BRITISH MAIL.

HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND.

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DAILY (Sundays included).

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The ORIENT-PACIFIC LINE will dispatch the ss. "ORIENT," 6000 tons register, from Marseilles, March 10, to GREECE, TURKEY, ASIA MINOR, &c.

28 DAYS for AS GUINEAS and upwards.

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21 DAYS for 15 GUINEAS and upwards.

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ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1905.

RECEIVING DAYS.—Water Colours, Whistlers, Black-and-White Drawings, Engravings, Etchings, Architectural Drawings, and all other Works under Glass, Friday, March 25.

Oil Paintings, Saturday, March 25, and Monday, March 27.

Sculpture, Tuesday, March 28.

No more than three works may be sent by any one artist.

Works will only be received at the Burlington Gardens entrance. Hours for the reception of works, seven a.m. to ten p.m.

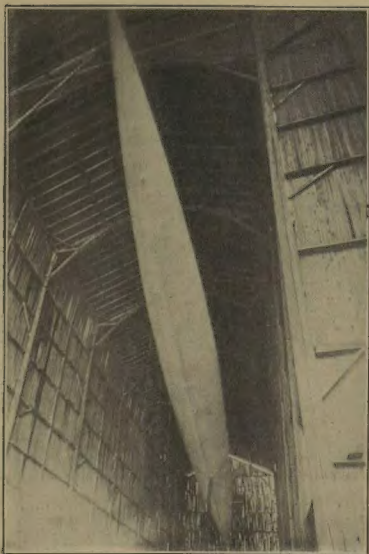
Forms and labels can be obtained from the Academy during the month of March on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.

THE FIRST GOOD MEAL FOR MONTHS: JAPANESE HOSPITALITY TO STOESSEL'S TROOPS ON THEIR WAY TO DALNY.

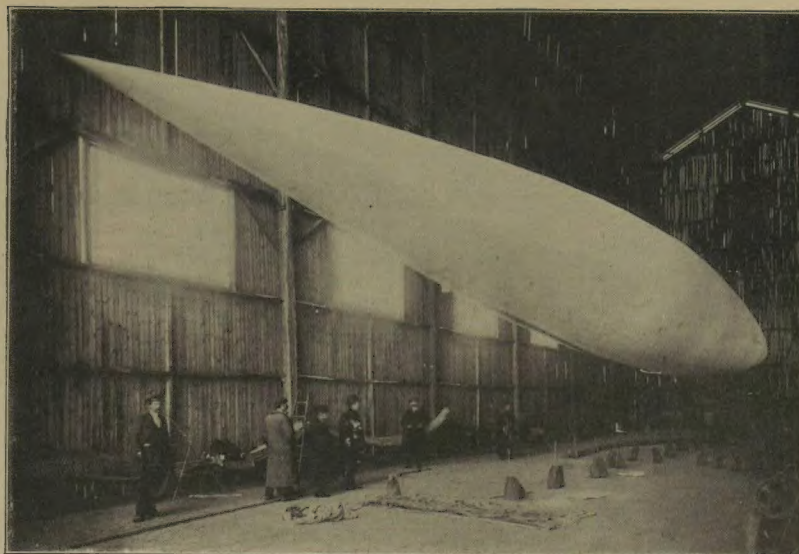
DRAWN BY L. SABATIER FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY GENERAL STOESSEL OR HIS OFFICERS, WHOM OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANIED FROM PORT SAID.



EXCHANGING THE CAMERA FOR THE CANNON: RUSSIANS SUBMITTING TO A JAPANESE MILITARY PHOTOGRAPHER DURING A LUNCHEON HALT OF THE CONVOY OF PRISONERS FROM PORT ARTHUR.



THE ODDLY SHAPED AIR-SHIP FROM BELOW.



A TORPEDO OF THE CLOUDS.

Photos. Branger.

M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S LATEST ATTEMPT TO CONQUER THE AIR: TWO VIEWS OF HIS NEW DIRIGIBLE BALLOON.

The balloon which M. Santos-Dumont, the Brazilian aeronaut, has constructed for his new series of experiments more nearly resembles a torpedo than any of his former machines. The car is to consist of a work-room and a small sleeping-compartment for two. The motive-power will be steam. M. Dumont regards it as an aerial yacht, in which it should be possible to cruise over Europe for a week at a time. He even hints at solving the problem of the Poles with this or a similar aërostat.



£4200 FOR A TINY ROCK-CRYSTAL EWER 6½ INCHES HIGH: AN ANGLESEY TREASURE THAT ESCAPED THE DUSTBIN.

This curiosity, formerly the property of the Marquis of Anglesey, was found among the common glass in the pantry at Beau-desert, and was on the point of being cleared away. It is of English workmanship of the sixteenth century. The illustration is kindly lent by the purchasers, Messrs. Duxce.



THE ADMIRAL'S CABIN.



THE ADMIRAL'S DINING-ROOM.

LUXURY AMONG THE CASEMATES: THE ADMIRAL'S ACCOMMODATION ON BOARD OUR LARGEST BATTLE-SHIP, THE "KING EDWARD VII."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GALE AND FOLDEN.

It is interesting to notice how the stern outlines of the steel bulkheads intrude on the modern luxury of the Admiral's quarters. The reason is, of course, that on board war-ships all superfluous wooden fittings are dispensed with, and on the order, "Clear for action," everything likely to take fire is either sent ashore or heaved overboard.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AND THE SERVICES.

During the past week the King has paid two signal compliments to the Services. On Saturday, Feb. 25, his Majesty went to the Queen's Club Grounds, West Kensington, to see the football match between the Navy and Army. It is a long time since the King attended a match, and on former occasions it was always University contests that he patronised, and this is the first time that he has honoured military and naval athletics with his presence. The Prince of Wales accompanied his Majesty, and in the royal box were Colonel Sir Edward Ward, Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, and the Earl of Clarendon. The game, which was witnessed by five thousand spectators, resulted in a victory for the Army by two goals to nil. As was to be expected, the King had a great reception from the huge concourse, and his interest in the game was sufficient to keep him till the end. On Monday his Majesty went down to Portsmouth to pay a private visit on board the *Drake* to the commander, Prince Louis of Battenberg, who is proceeding to sea in charge of the Second Cruiser Squadron. The King was accompanied by Waterloo by Sir John Fisher, principal Naval Aide-de-Camp, and Colonel J. H. Bcr, Marine Aide-de-Camp. At Portsmouth his Majesty was not formally received, but the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth and other officers were in attendance on the jetty, and after the senior officers had been presented the King immediately went on board the *Drake*, which had in no way been specially prepared for this visit. Rear-Admiral Prince Louis received the King on board the boatswain and the bugler sounded the Admiral's salute on whistle and bugle. All the officers of the ship were presented, and thereafter his Majesty went below. Dinner was served for fourteen in the fore-cabin, and the party included the Earl of Selborne and Admiral Sir John Fisher. On the following morning the ships and forts fired a royal salute, and the King made the tour of the harbour and inspected the Royal Garrison Artillery, returning to the *Drake* for luncheon before beginning his journey back to London.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S INDIAN TOUR.

Following his father's footsteps, the Prince of Wales will visit our Indian Empire. According to present arrangements, the Prince and Princess will land in India next November, and their tour will last until March. The principal cities and the more important Native States are included in the programme, and the Prince will hold Levées at which the principal personages of his Majesty's Indian Empire will be presented. There is to be no exchange of ceremonial presents, of which it will be remembered our present King received so many that they formed a perfect Indian Museum, which was sent round the chief towns of the United Kingdom for exhibition. During the forthcoming visit Sir Walter Lawrence, K.C.I.E., will act as Head of the Staff. Sir Walter, who has been private secretary to Lord Curzon, is a distinguished Indian civilian. He has served as Under Secretary to the Punjab Government and as Officiating Secretary to the Government of India. He is the author of a work on the Valley of Kashmir.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The death of Sir T. Wemyss Reid, which occurred in London on Feb. 26, deprived the Liberal cause of one of its most eminent publicists. He was born in 1842, began his journalistic career in 1861, and at twenty-two was editor of the *Preston Guardian*.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
SIR WALTER LAWRENCE,
APPOINTED HEAD OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S STAFF FOR THE INDIAN VISIT.

Six years later he was editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, and in 1890 he joined the ranks of London Pressmen and founded and edited the *Speaker*. He was knighted in 1894. He was a prominent member of the Reform Club, where he had many literary friends, and formed one of the famous group of four, including Sir John Robinson, James Payn, and William Black, who used to lunch at the same table almost every day. Apart from his purely journalistic work, he wrote a great deal of criticism and biography, and made some essays in fiction. Among his most successful works were his "Charlotte Brontë" and his "Life of W. E. Forster." His biography of William Black, although intimate and eminently readable, was not in his happiest manner.

Albert Edmund Parker, third Earl of Morley, who died on the 26th of last month in his sixty-third year, had taken a prominent part in public affairs for nearly forty years, and he will be especially missed in southern Devonshire, where he spent the greater part of his life, for much of his efforts were enlisted in local affairs.



Photo, Russell.
THE LATE SIR T. WEMYSS REID,
JOURNALIST AND MAN OF LETTERS.



Photo, Russell.
THE LATE SIR MARTIN GOSSELIN,
HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S MINISTER TO PORTUGAL.



Photo, Russell.
THE LATE MR. R. W. L. MIDDLETON,
FORMERLY CHIEF AGENT OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE EARL OF MORLEY,
FORMERLY CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES AND DEPUTY SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

He succeeded to the title in 1864, and at various times acted as a Lord-in-Waiting, Under-Secretary for War, and First Commissioner of Works under Liberal Governments. On the division on the Home Rule question he joined the Liberal Unionists, and was afterwards



A MOTHER TO THE MOTHERLESS: MADAME STOESSEL WITH THE SIEGE ORPHANS WHOM SHE BROUGHT HOME WITH HER TO RUSSIA.

Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords. His personal interest in sporting matters was not great, but he was known to frequenters of the Turf not only

1900—and the success with which he met was marked in 1896 by the presentation to him of a cheque for £10,000, subscribed by over four thousand members of his party. The grandson of an Admiral and the son of a high official at the Admiralty, he served in the Navy for seventeen years, and it was this fact that caused him to be called—despite his own protestations—"Captain," and gave to him the nickname by which he was so well known, "The Skipper."

By the death of Mr. Guy Boothby at the early age of thirty-seven, the great public which cares little for the preciseness of grammar and less for niceties of style so long as it is amused or excited, lost one of its idols, a writer whose chief creation, Dr. Nikola, ranks in popular estimation with Sherlock Holmes and Captain Kettle, although the majority of his work cannot be said to rival that of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne. Born in Adelaide, Mr. Boothby followed the example of so many of his countrymen by crossing the island continent from north to south, and thus laid in a store of experience and local colour to which he afterwards added by travel in the Far East. His first novel, "On the Wallaby," was published in 1894, and was followed in the same year by "In Strange Company." In 1895 he produced three novels; in 1896, two; in 1897, two; in 1898, three; and in 1899, five. The other stories by which he was best known include "Across the World for a Wife," "A Maker of Nations," and "Farewell, Nikola."

THE NEW RIFLE.

The War Office has adopted a new short rifle for the British Army, and, like every new weapon, it is undergoing a severe ordeal of criticism. One interesting test has been supplied by shooting at Bisley. Seven crack shots tried the new rifle in comparison with two long rifles of old patterns, and decided that of the three weapons the new one was the least effective. They said it was better for cavalry than the old carbine, but not good enough for infantry. Other experts, including Lord Roberts, are in its favour, and the bewildered taxpayer, who is asked to pay a stiff sum

for this short rifle, wonders whether target practice at Bisley is any criterion of shooting in war, wonders whether any rifle could ever be invented that did not excite unfavourable notices from experts, and particularly wonders why some weapon is not invented that will not become obsolete before it is wanted in a national emergency.

NATIONAL DRILL.

The need of military training for the youth of the country is recognised by many people on various grounds; but it is not generally accepted by schoolmasters. Out of 675 schools to which the War Office offered to supply Morris tubes and ammunition at a cheap rate, only 167 showed any disposition to fall in with the scheme. The reason for this unwillingness on the part of the majority is said to be the fear of the schoolmasters, supported presumably by the parents, that the proposal was the prelude to a system of compulsory military training in all schools. From this, it is feared, there would be but a short step to compulsory military service for the whole nation. It ought to be clearly explained to parents that the school training is really intended to avoid any necessity for recourse to the more extreme expedient. Except on the wholly unreasonable plea that no schoolboy ought to be made familiar with the use of a rifle lest it should inspire him with bloodthirsty ideas, the moderate proposal of the War Office cannot be discountenanced.

THE RUSSIAN UNREST.

The most untoward feature of the present political unrest in Russia is the extension of the railway strikes, which are causing enormous commercial losses, and are also seriously threatening conveyance of war-material to the Far East. The Warsaw-Vienna railway and other trunk-lines have repudiated responsibility for the safe conveyance of freight, and on some of the railways the telegraph service is entirely disorganised. Terror and mistrust, it is said, reign within the Palace, and the Tsar is fearful for the safety of his infant son. The Imperial family is surrounded by a host of spies who, in turn, are spied upon by others, and so the coil of suspicion grows. Maxim Gorky has been released only to be re-arrested and bundled out of St. Petersburg. Shortly after ten on the night of Feb. 27 two policemen escorted him in a carriage from the Fortress of Peter and Paul. There was no demonstration, the novelist passing entirely unobserved. At the Moscow station M. Gorky was met by his wife and two sons, with whom he had half-an-hour's conversation before leaving for Riga, where he remains under surveillance.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. GUY BOOTHBY,
POPULAR NOVELIST.



Photo, Messrs.
A MILLION STERLING WITHIN EIGHT SQUARE INCHES:
THE GREAT PREMIER DIAMOND.

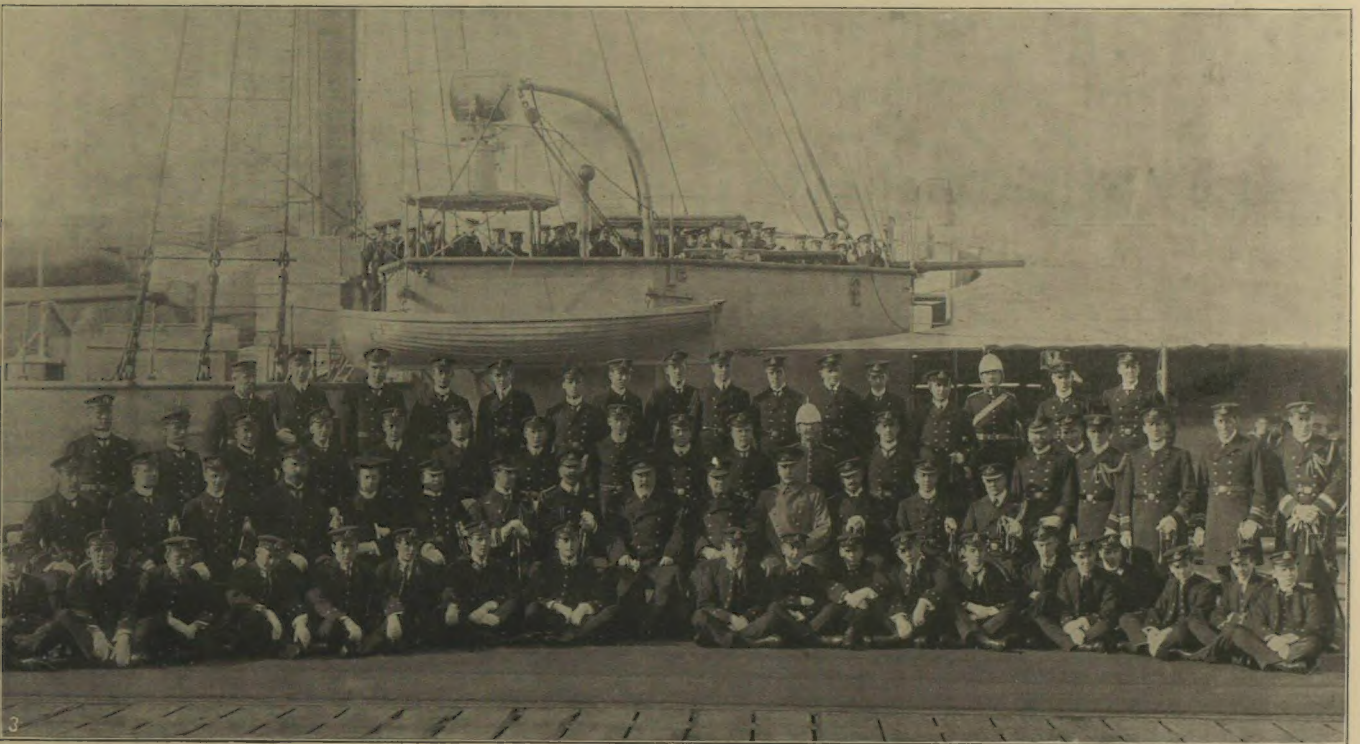
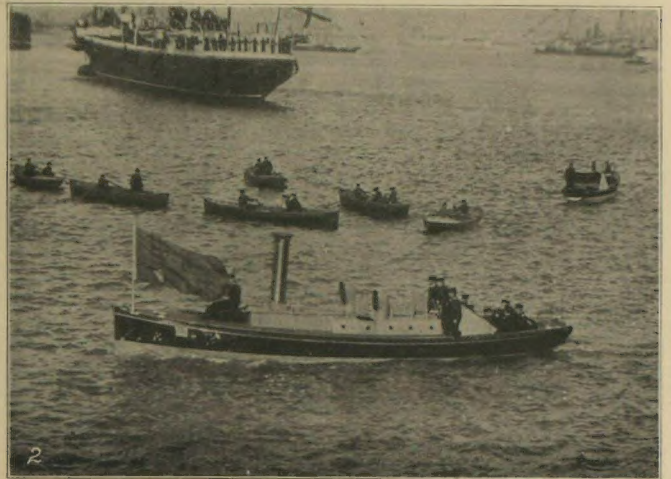
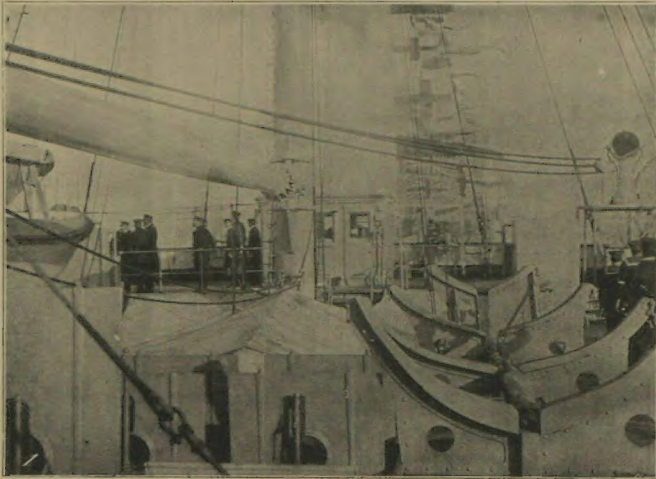
The newly discovered jewel, the largest in the world, weighs 3022 carats, and measures 4 in. by 2 in.

and he had also served in Berlin, St. Petersburg, Rio de Janeiro, Brussels, Madrid, and Paris. His numerous special appointments included those of Attaché at the Berlin Congress, Secretary to the Duke of Norfolk's Mission to the Pope in 1887, First British Delegate to the International Tariffs Bureau Conference at Brussels, Secretary to the Slave Trade Conference in the same city, delegate to fix the duties to be imposed in the conventional basin of the Congo, British Commissioner on the Anglo-French Commission for the delimitation of spheres of influence on the Niger, and Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

When Mr. Richard W. L. Middleton, who died on the 26th of last month, retired from his position as chief agent of the Conservative party, the Government lost one of its most active as well as one of its ablest servants. Mr. Middleton was responsible for the carrying through of five elections—those of 1885, 1886, 1892, 1895, and

THE KING A GUEST ON ONE OF HIS OWN WAR-SHIPS.

INCIDENTS BY CHIEF; PORTRAIT GROUPS BY RUSSELL.



1. LISTENING TO THE BRITISH LION'S ROAR: HIS MAJESTY ON THE "DRAKE'S" QUARTER-DECK WATCHING THE GENERAL SALUTE FIRED BY THE FLEET.

3. A COMMAND PORTRAIT: THE KING AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "DRAKE" PHOTOGRAPHED BY HIS MAJESTY'S DESIRE.

4. GUEST AND HOST: THE KING, WITH PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG, LEAVING THE "DRAKE."

2. ROUND HIS SHIPS: THE KING IN PRINCE LOUIS' LAUNCH INSPECTING THE FLEET IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

5. WITH HIS GUNNERS: THE KING WITH THE OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY, CLARENCE BARRACKS.



THE KAISER IN THE GALLERY: THE SCENE AT THE OPENING.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR.

BERLIN'S NEW CATHEDRAL, OPENED BY THE KAISER FEBRUARY 27.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERLINER ILLUSTRATIONS GESELLSCHAFT; AND HUGHES AND MULLINS.

The new cathedral, built on a site formerly occupied by a church erected by Frederick the Great, was opened by the Emperor, who has taken the greatest interest in the construction. It is in the Renaissance style, and has cost £500,000. The dedicatory address was delivered by Dr. Dryander, the Court Chaplain.



THE ANCIENT GREEK DRAMA ON THE MODERN STAGE.—MR. BENSON'S PRODUCTION OF THE ORESTEIAN TRILOGY AT THE CORONET: CLYTEMNESTRA'S GHOST AND THE FURIES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS AND WALERY.

AT THE SIGN OF THE ROSE.

By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON.

Illustrated by F. H. TOWNSEND.

THE long white road from London to Rye, which had risen and dipped and wound by dusty brake and copse for sixty miles, dipped now for the last time before the journey's end, and the solitary rider on his dappled horse paused ere he put his animal at the last upward slope. How near he was to his destination he, a stranger, could not tell. He was thirsty, and—though he had divided the journey into two stages, and slept well at the end of the first thirty miles—he was saddle-sore, while his dark suit, of that modest cut and hue which proclaimed him a man of the town and of a class whose story is the story of discreet commerce, was in places as white as the linen smock of any countryman.

Twice did he look frowningly at the steep white slope, then dismounted and led his nag slowly to the summit. There he gave a little exclamation of pleasure and relief, tied his horse to the nearest thorn-tree by the road, and gazed his fill. It was a picture in blue and green, indigo and red, on which he gazed—blue sea, emerald marsh and pasture, indigo shadows in the heart of summer woods, and the red (as that of curiously carved cor-

wedding feast, leaving the poor soule to mourne his loss (a great Professor in physicke and chemie, advanced in years and fame) these ten summers. 'Tis a goevely matron, and one full of active and outward knowledge in house and country contentments, for the which my wife hath intire esteeme of her, saying that in all worldlie businesse she hath a man's steadinesse, with a woman's estimation of that which resteth in the future of the Bargain. . . . Very devout, a lover of Holy Thoughts, and encourager of Divine writings, timid, and liking not festivity of the town, but attended ever by the memory of her husband, a scorner of Playhouses and Dancers. To her, therefore, I commend you and your affaire, for she has an excellent standing, and can advise you well how to open your Commerce, and whether the site in Market Street is the one most suited to your bay and say Trade and the shewing of your woolsens and duffles."

John Berincourt folded up for the twentieth time the sheet of thick paper, flicked the dust energetically from his suit with whip and handkerchief, mounted, and rode fast along the level to the brow of that hill

at that point. He took the lower lane at a venture and rode smartly down it. At the narrowest part, while rounding a sharp corner, he all but ran down a pedestrian in a brown suit with his head sulkily lowered, whose twirling cane hit the palisade irritably at every step. Berincourt apologised, pleaded ignorance of the road, and courteously dismounted to assist the man on foot, whose hat and cane had flown in different directions as he sprang aside, while the sudden plunging of the startled dapple had covered him with as much dust as if he too had travelled from London. He was not a very genial individual, for he swore heavily at the onset, and there are ways and ways, even of swearing.

"'Tis the wrong way to the town," he said sharply, "and even though a stranger, as you confess yourself, you can see that the high-road is the easiest and quickest." And when Berincourt explained that he sought first "The Grove," a suspicious gleam came into the man's eyes, while there was a sparl in his tone as he said: "Follow the hedge; and he hanged to you! Mistress Dove does not love intrusions."

John Berincourt did not mount again, but led his horse, found the gate, and tied his rein securely to a fence opposite. Then came the anxious moment. He had made his toilet carefully at an inn at Newenden ten miles away, but he was suddenly conscious of renewed dust and perspiration. He remembered two little books stuffed into the holster of his saddle, and intended as a discreet offering, to ensure the kindly interest of the excellent widow. He looked at them anxiously: "Drexelius on Eternity" and Gunster's "Poor, Lep'rous Sinner." At any rate, the books, in brown calf with gold lines and letters, were free from the all-pervading dust. He took them in his hand, gave his coat and breeches one last hasty flick, and lifted the latch of the gate. Then it was that a clear voice from some window that he could not see called—

"Is Master Toomes really gone this time, Thomasine?"

"Really gone, Mistress," answered another voice, as an elderly woman in pattens and an apron stepped out of a row of peas into the straight path, and looked up to the house. "Twas time enough—the currants would have been like crabs in another hour, and none fit for our preservings next week."

"What did you tell him?" asked the young voice.

"Told him you liked not men."

"Oh, but 'tis not true, for good Master Jeake comes when he will, and knows he is welcome."

"Is he a bachelor or only a man well married? Does he sniff after fruit and cabbages and make calculations of the value of every foot of your orchard and herb-garden?" retorted Thomasine, standing akimbo.

"Go on about Master Toomes. What happened then?"

"He said you knew not men, and therefore knew not whether to like or scorn them. He said, 'Mistress Dorinda Dove is like a traveller who

will not enter a new country, or like an angler whom the first snap at his bait affrights.'"

"An angler? The vile impertinent! Wait! wait! I'll come below and hear it all."

Upon the disappearance of the head from the window John Berincourt opened the gate hastily, and advanced with a flush upon his face and a puzzled brain. The Mistress Dorinda, of the gay voice, must surely be the daughter of the godly widow, yet he



"I am not married," returned the young merchant.

which overawes the little hill of the town. He drew rein here, and once more referred to the letter. "A Lane to the right skirting the booths and huts of Rye Foreign"—so ran the directions—"which Lane leads to the backe of a great Mount where the Path runs very narrow between a high Hedge and a Palisade, and upon the right, following the Palisade, is the Gate of the House." But here there were two lanes, both branching to the right, and trees hid any possible roof

* Author's Note.—Queen Elizabeth visited Rye in 1573, and her initials are upon the stone basin of this well, with those of the Mayor of that year.

wondered why John Evelyn had made no mention of her. The woman in short skirt and patters wheeled rapidly at his step.

"Is Mistress Dove within?" he asked.

The answer was the lady herself, who emerged from her green door on to the gravelled terrace strip underneath the house, the only level place in the whole of her little demesne. She, at the height of indignation, was flushed also, and came flying out of the door in a way that sent her headlong into the group.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and then, rather stiffly to the servant: "When did this gentleman come?"

"But this moment," he interposed, before the old woman could speak, "and Master John Evelyn is my excuse, having spoken so richly of your kindness to strangers, though I fear you have had no warning of my coming."

"You are Master Berincourt, then? He has written to me of you."

The widow and her visitor regarded one another curiously. She was trying very hard to fit her correspondent's description to the young cloth-merchant in the flesh: "An honest-minded Citizen, immersed in worthy Enterprise, very cautious, and inclined to much gravity and ingenious Inquiry upon all science, but little desiring to inquire into his Neighbour's matter." From such a description she had made herself instantly a picture of a sober worthy, possessing egotism sufficient for prosperous trade, with a passionless mind that loved to fence with difficult points of investigation in all branches of the 'sophies and 'isms.

During this time John fingered awkwardly the two devout volumes intended for that buxom, elderly dame of his imaginings. "Poor Lep'rous Sinner" indeed! Why, the adjective was sheer treason in this gracious presence, and this sweet and perfumed place. For the lady could be scarcely thirty, and was rather plump than buxom, while it was hard to say whether her eyes were softer than her mouth, until you looked at her brown hair (or that part of it which eluded her coil upon the temples and about her ears), which was the softest of all. John Berincourt gave a wild look at the voluminous skirts of the old housekeeper, wondering if they would receive the superfluous volumes, and then, remembering his own pockets, stuffed away Drexelius and Gunster, and accepted Mistress Dove's invitation to sit in the shade and tell her of his projects in Rye. Her straight brows, her easy but lofty air, and her decision helped him to confidence in a woman of appearance so girlish, and within half an hour he had laid before her all his story and his aspiration—namely, to set up at Rye his trade in the newer woollen fabrics, and so export them from Rye Harbour to France, receiving in return French silks, the overplus of which should go to London merchants, with the which commerce he would fain pursue the making of suits, coats, and cloaks and other garments at the hand of a good tailor.

"It is a very good notion," she said. "Our wool-merchants are few. They fall off one by one and go to set up shop at Hastings. They have no ancient standing, such as your family, in the Company of Woolmongers; they are proper mushrooms, and have no education. But you must set to work wisely, for the Rye folk are jealous and whimsical. The place of your enterprise comes first, and above all your landlord."

He told her of the proposed spot in Market Street.

"Aha! You will have the Mayor himself for a landlord. Have no fear; but sign no papers without advice, for, though Master Wychellow is a well-living, well-liking fellow, he has at his elbow some quibbling jurats. There is the Town Clerk—a Master Kerne, a crusty soul—and his nephew, Master Toomes."

The colour came into her face suddenly, and she rose and walked towards a cupboard, which she opened.

"I would have you beware of Master Toomes," she said incisively, but with her brown head in its neat coil almost hidden in the cupboard. From it she brought a flask of alicant and two long, slender glasses, and, returning anew, fetched forth inkhorn and quill.

Presently she was writing out rapidly a list of likely patrons to whom printed advices of the new emporium might be sent. This done, she interrupted him as to the probable date on which his wares would be ready.

"They should be on their way already," he answered. "They were to leave London a day after their owner."

"By cart or packhorse?"

"By packhorse—twelve horses, each with double

dorsairs. That makes twenty-four good bales, two to each horse."

"H'm!" she pondered, "they should do three miles an hour and travel seven hours per day. It is well to make a computation of the cost of journey."

Away flew her pen again. "There may be town dues to pay on entry," she said presently, "but these lie with the municipality, and much depends on the way you win the Mayor's ear. I would"—she pressed the broad end of the quill thoughtfully into her plump cheek—"I would for your sake that Master Toomes and his uncle, Master Kerne, might be translated to a happier sphere." And again a quick red touched her cheeks. After a moment she lifted her head again from her tablets.

"You are married, Master Berincourt? Your wife is doubtless ready to follow you here?"

"I am not married," returned the young merchant, feeling suddenly that he had accomplished very little in life.

Mistress Dove held her rosy chin thoughtfully, and stared out of the lattice upon her sweet peas.

"Not married? 'Tis a pity—sure." Then the quill fell to its business once more.

Just before sundown John Berincourt closed the widow's gate and rode on into Rye to lodge at the Flushing Inn as she advised. In his pocket, wedged between pages of Drexelius, were some carefully folded slips of paper. No love-letters could have been cherished more tenderly than the excellent commercial notes thereon in Mistress Dorinda's pretty hand.

He turned in his saddle at the foot of Conduit Lane to look back upon the house. It was even as the Squire of Wootton had described it—a cot, and yet suited to "an honourable gentlewoman"; a little

a sample of good program hanging from your pocket, and a shred of excellent orange mockado caressing your shoulder, and—oh, dear!—what a monster splash of ink is that on your linen! Permit me to remove these tatters—so! Have you hastened to me because of trouble? Has the new apprentice barricaded himself in a pothouse, or your tailor mutinied? For your clothes betoken some kind of battle."

"None of these; but someone has bruited abroad that I am a Frenchman, and so my goods are doubly taxed."

"Ah!"

"And if I were, what sin is there in it, Mistress Dorinda?"

"If you knew . . . you would not ask . . ." said the lady slowly. "Where now you see roses there were once huddled women and groaning men; and those red roofs of Rye, so red in the dear sun, were red with great points of leaping flame lighted by the French. Master Jeake, the old astrologer, knows of it: he has nursed dying prisoners in his house. And sometimes when Rye children dream, they hear the watch-bell ringing at midnight to call the town to rise and defend her against France! She does not love the French. . . . Yet your family is truly not French in the beginning, but Flemish surely."

"A hundred years and more since my cousins were hounded by Alva from the Netherlands. But my father's grandfather was a subject of England before that."

"True, true. The objection is merely a lawyer's dodge to squeeze your pocket."

"Twill do more. The people of the town will break my windows and refuse me their custom."

"Wait—wait till the burghers' wives and daughters see your serges and cloths in all their lovely colours! Wait till they can finger your trypan and program, and hear you talk of the silk taffeta that is on its way from France! Then, were you the Grand Mogul himself, there's not a woman in Rye but will flock to wheedle bargains out of you."

"There will be no mockado to show them."

"Why?"

He named the sum demanded by the Mayor as "town dues for in-brought merchandise."

"His Worship required a year's rent in advance," he added, "and this makes my purse very strait. If he can be persuaded to wait for the dues I will pay them."

The widow frowned, and began to pace the green plat by the spring.

"If he would only believe that I am an honest Englishman," grumbled John.

Mistress Dorinda laughed.

"Oh! that is easy enough if you smooth his palm with the dues. Wait! I have a notion. Will you change your name to Dobbs or Hodge to please him and entice custom?"

"Not for a hundred overfed Mayors!" cried John stoutly.

Again the widow laughed.

"Well said!" she cried. "We must discover another way. See here; a good loyal English sign, swinging over your door will attract the townspeople, and your name need not show at all."

"But the dues?"

"They shall be paid. . . . But first let us resolve upon the sign and who shall paint it."

"A lion, very fat, and roaring? Would that be English, do you think?"

"The Mayor would not like it, for he has three good lions passant upon his seal of office."

"An English ram—for a testimony of good English wool and weaving?"

"The ram is not amiss . . . but it has little grace, to my thinking."

They walked up and down the grass side by side, and passed an arch of climbing roses which had flung itself from the edge of the palisade over to the branch of an orchard tree on the other side of the grass path. Master Berincourt received the dewy sweetness of a pearl-and-pink cluster full in his eyes, for he was tall, and as he stood for a minute stupefied and blinking at the wet on his lashes the widow turned, caught him so—and laughed.

"Why, there is your symbol ready made—your English rose!" she cried. "Why, surely, 'tis a sign from heaven, and you so blind that it must needs strike your very eyes."

"Excellent conceit! 'The Sign of the Rose,'" he replied, laughing heartily. In a moment his whole world seemed gay and delicate; it lay cloaked in a mist of rose and pearl.

"Within three days we will have the emblem set out in good paint and wood," continued the widow. "And now for the other matter."

(To be concluded.)



"Why, there is your symbol ready-made—your English rose!"

place set in a great nosegay; and all the length of the flowery steep lay the bright evening sun, like a goodly youth stretched out in happy weariness. Even as an ethereal shadow brooding over all stood the widow in her garb of linen—a decent and delicious grey.

II.

The site in Market Street proved all that Berincourt desired, for it was near the market-place without being directly on the cobbled square where the common booths were planted twice a week. His Worship, Master Wychellow, during these negotiations showed himself very smooth and accommodating, for his would-be tenant was young and eager, and made no bones about the rent suggested. Moreover, there was no trace of interference from the Town Clerk or his grizzling nephew; and Berincourt, as he went up to visit his friend at "The Grove," boasted again and again of his good fortune. She shook her head, smiling.

"Master Kerne is away for Hastings sessions," she answered; "we must finish the business and see you planted firmly in possession—ay, and made a freeman of the town, too, before he comes back."

The next day, however, when it came to the matter of town dues, the Mayor turned crusty, and the young merchant wore a very long face when he went up to the shade of the steep garden on Rye Hill. Mistress Dorinda, whom he found sewing in the shade of the silver maple overhanging that very fount "which slaked the thirst of Queen Bess," opened her grey eyes wide at the sight of him. In his haste to get at his bales and prepare his premises he had not stopped to dust his clothes, and his lugubrious face crowned them so oddly that she burst into a merry laugh.

"Why, Master Berincourt, you are a regular droll to-day," she cried. "You carry your calling not only in your face, but all over your back and knees. Here's

REASONS FOR THE RUSSIAN REVOLT: OPPRESSED POOR IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Drawings by M. KOCH, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ST. PETERSBURG.



POLICE TYRANNY: CHASTISEMENT OF A COACHMAN EN ROUTE.
Drivers are frequently beaten by policemen for insubordination.



TYPES OF BEGGARS: MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN



ST. PETERSBURG FACTORY LIFE: THE WOMEN'S SLEEPING-ROOM.



RUSSIAN PIETY: WORSHIP AT A STREET SHRINE.



THE PEOPLE'S DRINKING-SALOON: A PUBLIC BAR, OR "TRAKTIR."



ST. PETERSBURG FACTORY LIFE: THE WOMEN'S DINING-ROOM.

The men and women workers in most of the factories eat and sleep on the premises, and are subjected to very strict house-rules. In most cases they have to sleep in sleeping-rooms at ten o'clock every night.

SIX-AND-A-HALF YEARS' WORK FOR A SIXTEEN-MINUTES' JOURNEY:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CALZOLARI AND



1. IN THE COMPRESSED-AIR ZONE: IRON RETAINING-SHIELDS; ON THE LEFT CONDUIT FOR REFRIGERATION.

2. THE TUNNELER'S GREATEST ENEMY: A BURST-IN OF WATER.

3. AT THE ITALIAN END OF THE TUNNEL: LABOURERS' HOUSES AT ISELLE.

7. THE 12½-MILE HOLE THROUGH THE ALPS.

8. THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL ON THE SWISS SIDE.

9. THE ENTRANCE OF THE GREAT TWELVE-MILE TUNNEL (X), WITH A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORKINGS IN THE RHONE VALLEY.

12. AFTER A BLAST.

11. THE ROCKY ADVERSARY: CHARGING MINES FOR DELEVIGNE.

14. THE ENGINE THAT FORCED THE PASSAGE: THE DELEVIGNE-MACHINE ON ITS CARRIAGE IN TUNNEL NO. 1.

THE PIERCING OF THE GREAT SIMPLON TUNNEL, COMPLETED FEB. 24.

FORWARDED BY KERN AND BY BROCHET



1. THE UPPER EXIT OF THE TUNNEL AT VARZO, ON THE DEMODOSSOLA-INSERRE LINE.

5. THE MACHINE THAT BURROWED THE ALPS: THE BRANDT HYDRAULIC PERFORATOR.

6. THE FORMATION OF THE IRON RETAINING-SHIELDS IN THE COMPRESSED-AIR TUNNEL.

PLAN AND SECTIONS OF THE TUNNEL.

10. IN THE DEEP OF DIVERIA, BELOW VARZO.

11. THE ITALIAN ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL.

15. A WATER ATOMISER FOR REFRIGERATING THE AIR.

16. A RICHEFEU FOR COMPRESSED-AIR.

17. HOW THE WORKERS BREATHED: INJECTION OF COMPRESSED AIR INTO TUNNEL NO. 2 FOR VENTILATING THE ADVANCED WORKS.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

TYPHOID OUTBREAKS.

My readers will have had their attention directed by the reports in the journals to the serious outbreak of typhoid fever at Lincoln. As I write, six hundred cases of the ailment have been reported, with deaths numbering forty-two. It is to be feared that these limits will be exceeded, despite the vigorous action of the authorities; for all measures now taken with the view of checking the epidemic, successful as they may be in the long run, resemble the process of locking the stable-door after the steed has been stolen. In other words, so long as the oft-repeated lesson that "prevention is better than cure" is not appreciated, so long will we suffer from the attack of what is a preventable disease.

I have often maintained that if as a nation we would read and lay to heart the lessons which the newspapers day by day teach us concerning public health matters, our annual bills of mortality would not mount up as high as they do. The history of every epidemic is a commentary upon some neglect on our part to provide against risks of infection and to take the necessary measures against attack. Over and over again the teaching has been of a severe character, yet we do not profit by our affliction as we ought.

The need for the awakening of a "health conscience" in the nation could find no better illustration or proof than in an epidemic of typhoid fever. Its history is singularly interesting. Long ago it was confused with typhus fever, a totally different disease. The word "typhoid," indeed, means "like typhus"; nowadays, typhoid is more commonly called "enteric fever," because its chief region of attack is the small intestine or bowel. Dr. Periy, of Glasgow, and, following him, Sir W. Jenner, were the first to make it clear that typhoid and typhus were two essentially different diseases. The latter is an ailment of the poor, and appears in dirty and badly ventilated dwellings, where, above all, overcrowding is prevalent. It is amid the foul organic matter coming from the human lungs and skin, and allowed to remain in unventilated places, that typhus germs breed and multiply. Again, this fever is highly infectious from person to person, as may be proved by the reports of the manner in which the alien population at Mile-End has been attacked of recent days. Typhoid fever is not markedly infectious from person to person, and if efficient disinfection of the patient be carried out, the risk of conveyance is small, while only in this fashion can its germs, destroyed practically within the sick-room, be prevented from gaining access to a water-supply.

Here we come upon the great means whereby typhoid fever is conveyed to us. This is the lesson we do not seem to be capable as a nation of appreciating, or, if we do understand it, we do not appear to act upon "information received." It was Dr. W. Budd, of Bristol, who was the pioneer mind in impressing on the people that to pollute water typhoid fever was due. It is this fact of which Lincoln, Maidstone, Darwen years ago, and many another town decimated with typhoid have afforded proofs. We may obtain typhoid fever from infected food, such as milk, oysters, or water-cress even, but in all cases it is pollution of water or other medium by typhoid germs which can alone give origin to the disease. "No germ, no fever," is a rule of hygiene to which there is and can be no exception. This is another and all-important lesson many of us have still to learn. No fever springs up *de novo*. It cannot be spontaneously generated, any more than a potato growing in a field could have its existence accounted for save on the assumption that it arose from a pre-existing plant. Every case of typhoid is the child of a case which preceded it. If a whole water-supply has been infected, and if, as at Lincoln, we have hundreds of cases, the infection may have proceeded from a single original case. The Darwen epidemic had this history—the people drinking the polluted supply and suffering from the fever all illustrated cases which represented the offspring of one first case, carelessly treated and allowed to infect a whole district.

This is why the sanitarian cries out for the care, early treatment, and disinfection of first cases of any contagious disorder. If, of course, people are content to live as at Lincoln, year by year taking water from the River Witham, which from Marston is contaminated with sewage and manure, one might be justified in showing scant sympathy with the present distress. Nor have warnings been wanting. During twenty years past, Lincoln people have been told that they were liable to drink a water of second-class character, unfit for domestic purposes even after filtration at the waterworks. With the grim lessons of Maidstone and other places before their eyes, Lincoln people should, long ere now, have insisted upon the betterment of the supply at any cost. The average Briton, who may patriotically pay a war-tax without grumbling, and even with a show of cheerfulness, will wax loud and indignant at an increase of local rates devoted to the betterment of a water-supply, or to some other improvement calculated to prevent disease and improve the public health. But it is false policy all the same. To pay for the means of securing freedom from disease-attack is altogether a much more satisfactory—or shall I say as necessary?—a procedure as that of paying taxes for the support of an army and a navy.

The awakening of a nation to a sense of what it owes itself in the matter of health-preservation is therefore surely a subject that should engage the attention not only of the powers that be, but also of Parliament. Well-nigh every life that falls from typhoid fever represents a sacrifice on the altar of national ignorance. Even if we supported health authorities more eagerly in their work something would be gained; but it is exactly the lack of interest and knowledge which prevents such sympathy from being exercised.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C STOKES (Cape Town).—Solutions of Holiday Problems to hand, all of which are correct.

PROBLEMS RECEIVED with thanks from S N Subbarama Sastri (Cuddalore) and J O Iban (Bristol).

A C. HORTWICK (Nice).—*British Chess Magazine*, 30, Park Cross Street, Leeds, and *Lasker's Chess Magazine*, Morton Buildings, New York.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3107 received from S N Subbarama Sastri, B.A. (Cuddalore); of No. 3170 from C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3171 from Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), A G Bagot (Dublin), and H S Brandreth (San Remo); of No. 3172 from Doryman, Rev. Robert Bee (Colchester), Café Glacier (Marseilles), Senior, A G Bagot (Dublin), F W Shaw (Northampton), A G Pancosva, T W W Bootham, and F K. Pickering, Forest Hill.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3173 received from Shadforth, F W W (Bootham), E G Rodway (Trowbridge), A G (Pancosva), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), F W Shaw (Northampton), Eric Plig, P Henderson (Leeds), R Worters (Canterbury), A G Attwood (Chiltham), I. Desanges (West Drayton), J D Tucker (Jilley), T Roberts, J J Read, G Stillingfleet, Johnson (Colham), W Hopkinson (Derby), Charles Burnett, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), H S Brandreth (San Remo), F B Smith (Rochdale), J A Hancock (Bristol), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Albert Wolff (Putney).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3171.—By G STELLINGFLEET JOHNSON.

WHITE.

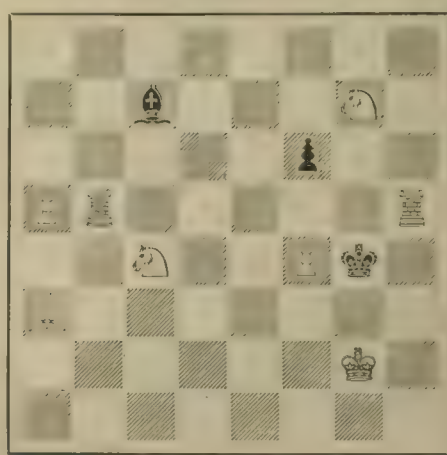
1. B to Q 4th
2. K to B 2nd
3. B takes P, Mate.

BLACK.

- P to B 6th (ch)
- P to B 4th

PROBLEM No. 3175.—By J. DALIAN PAUL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the Championship Tourney between Messrs. G. E. WATSON and C. HAMMOND.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th
Anything that gives variety to this monotonous opening is welcome.	
3. P to K 3rd	P takes Q P
4. K takes P	P to B 3rd
5. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
6. Kt to B 3rd	H to K 2nd
7. H to Q 3rd	Castles
8. Castles	Q Kt to Q 2nd
9. B to K 3rd	R to K sq
10. Q to H 2nd	Q to B 2nd
11. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd
I ventured on calculating the effect of the reply and the subsequent advance of Black's "Queen's Pawn." Kt takes Kt at once would "save the position, fairly quick."	
12. P takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
13. Q to Q sq	P to Q 4th
14. B takes P (ch)	P takes B
The price paid for the Queen is much too high, but there was no alternative. Black's King is now safe from attack, and his pieces can be rapidly developed, so that virtually the game is already decided.	
15. K takes Q	Kt takes B
16. K takes Q	B takes R

CHESS IN PARIS.

Game played in the match between Messrs. MARSHALL and JANOWSKY.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
3. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
4. P takes P	P takes P
5. B to H 4th	Kt to B 3rd
6. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd
The variation of the defence here adopted by Black proves itself of little practical value. The text move better comes second than sixth.	
7. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
8. H to Q 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
9. Kt to B 3rd	Kt takes H
10. Kt takes Kt	Kt to B 3rd
11. Castles	P to K 3rd
12. P to B 4th	P to K 3rd
13. Q to B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
14. Q to H sq	Kt to K 2nd
The handling of this Knight is singularly ineffective. Out of the last seven moves he has been played four times to no purpose, and he now occupies a square which the Bishop must fill presently.	
15. Q to R 3rd	P to Q 3rd
16. Q to R 6th	B to B 3rd

WHITE (Mr. M.)

BLACK (Mr. J.)

17. P to K 4th

18. R to Q 2nd

19. Q to R 3rd

20. K to B 3rd

21. P to K 5th

The positions are in singular contrast. White can go on plugging up his striking force unopposed, while Black helplessly awaits the final blow.

22. R to B 3rd

23. Q to R 2nd

24. P takes Kt

25. Kt to K 2nd

26. Kt to K 2nd

27. Kt to B 4th

28. Kt takes P

This has been obviously coming, but nothing could be done to prevent it. White now has a game in which his attack was worthy of a better defence.

29. Q takes P

30. R (Kt) to K 3rd

31. Kt takes P (ch)

Resigns.

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THE PROBLEMS OF PEACE.

For some time past signs have not been wanting to suggest that the end of the Far Eastern war is in sight. Down to the present, Russia's solitary success has been achieved in Paris, where Admiral Rozhdestvensky has been lightly censured by the International Committee. Whether the verdict is calculated to add to the popularity of Arbitration is a question that may not be discussed with advantage here and now.

But it is clear to one and all that the Russian Government, authors and instigators of the disastrous campaign in Manchuria, are hopelessly beaten. In the field and on the sea they have only disasters to record; at home they are face to face with a condition of things that threatens to make all government ineffective. The great Siberian Railway line, upon which the progress of the war depends, is said to be in a state of congestion consequent upon numerous breakdowns, while the Baltic Fleet is menaced by dangers greater than were likely to arise from any verdict in Paris. It would be difficult for the Tsar to wage a prolonged war if he had a united people at his back; now that the Romanoffs are in terror of their lives, the difficulties tend to become insuperable. Even an appeal to the Zemski Sobor can hardly prove effective while the memory of Vladimir's Day is fresh in men's minds. It is not unreasonable, then, to believe that Russia must shortly sue for peace to the Power she provoked and despised.

While we must welcome the cessation of a campaign that has been accompanied by terrible destruction of life and much sublime self-sacrifice on either side, it is impossible not to see that peace between Russia and Japan will mark the beginning of political developments fraught with serious problems for Great Britain. For a long but uncertain term of years Russia will disappear from the Far East. She will hardly be able to keep Vladivostok, save as an "open-door" port; Korea will be as far from her reach as Japan itself; Port Arthur and Dalny will be more remote from her grasp than Alsace and Lorraine are to the "allied and friendly nation." At the same time, Russia must reach the sea. British policy has opposed the advance for many years, has not hesitated to prepare for war in earnest rather than yield to the Muscovite a road to the Mediterranean or Persian Gulf; but the vast empire of the Tsar cannot be denied. It is drawn to the sea as Sindbad's ship was drawn to the loadstone rock. If there should be a revolution, if the house of Romanoff should be extirpated root and branch—a most unlikely event—the conflict between Russian and British interests will not be lessened. Indeed, a sound Liberal Government that enjoyed the confidence of the Russian people, and had established representative institutions throughout the kingdom of the Tsars, would be very powerful to insist upon freedom for its natural development. By the appeal to arms Russia has lost all her chances of reaching Far Eastern waters; but India, the Persian Gulf, and the Mediterranean remain. By which of the three paths will she seek to reach the sea?

Save in a desperate effort to recover lost prestige, it is unlikely that Russia will seek to invade India for some time to come. Her generals would need to lead beaten troops through a hostile country with the full knowledge that failure would mean the permanent removal of the kingdom they represented from the list of Asiatic Powers. The occupation of the Chumbi Valley guards the Tibet route; the southern half of Persia is being looked after by a British commercial mission; the Amir of Afghanistan is settling his differences with this country in friendly spirit; and Lord Lansdowne has said that the supremacy of British influence in the Persian Gulf will be maintained with the whole force of the Empire. Moreover, throughout Asia, from the bazaars of Mosul and Tehran to the gates of Peking's Sacred City, Russia is known as a beaten country, and regarded accordingly. Her success has been founded upon prestige and bluff; in the future, when she has recovered from recent shocks, she will need to exercise her power that the East may know it for the real thing.

Turning from Asia to Europe, one becomes conscious that the old order has changed. We have been told by responsible statesmen that in looking Abdul Hamid against the northern Colossus we put our money on the wrong horse; we have even been assured that to British Government would plunge Great Britain into a European war to keep the Russians out of Constantinople. Our position in the Mediterranean has been profoundly modified by our acquisition of South Africa and by our friendly relations with France. If, then, Ismailia or its successor decides that access to an unbroken sea cannot be postponed, it is quite likely that the Near East will be the scene of the next struggle; it is possible that we may be able to stand aloof from it. All the diplomacy of middle Europe has been directed to keeping Russia busy in Asia. Certainly the Power that has paid for Russian colonial expansion, the friend who, under cover of a strict neutrality, does friendly actions from the recesses of the Wilhelmstrasse and seeks to lead them on, and the heavy, strenuous ruler of Austria-Hungary, do not desire to see the Constantinople question reopened; but it would be idle to deny that such reopening is likely to follow the proclamation of peace between Mikado and Tsar. Indeed, Kaiser Wilhelm's recognition of that curious character, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, may be in a way founded upon an intelligent anticipation of events.

To avoid developments that might interfere very seriously with long-standing schemes of aggression or aggrandisement, the great Continental Powers will move all the resources of diplomacy to retain for Russia a measure of Far Eastern interests. They will not hesitate to test the depth of the British devotion to Japan, and to take advantage of any uncertainty in the attitude of our representatives. Bearing these truths in mind, it is easy to see that the peace now stirring over the stricken fields of Manchuria will tax our diplomacy to the full extent of its capacity—that any sign of British weakness will be fraught with dangers of most serious kind.

CHIVALRY BETWEEN VICTOR AND VANQUISHED: THE TOAST PLEDGED BY STOESSEL AND NOGI.

DRAWN BY L. SABATIER FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY GENERAL STOESSEL, WITH WHOM OUR SPECIAL ARTIST TRAVELLED FROM PORT SAID.

M. MALTCHENKO,
Staff Interpreter, 3rd Siberian Corps. Stoessel's Aide-de-Camp.

LIEUTENANT NAVVINSKY,
Stoessel's Aide-de-Camp.

GENERAL REISS,
Stoessel's Chief of Staff.

CAPTAIN ZUNODA,
Aide-de-Camp.

GENERAL HALL,
Chief of Staff to General Nogi.

M. KAWAKATSU,
Lieutenant Nogi's Aide-de-Camp.



STOESSEL.

NOGI.

THE PLEDGE OF HONOUR: NOGI AND STOESSEL DRINKING TO EACH OTHER'S HEALTH, AFTER ARRANGING THE TERMS OF CAPITULATION OF PORT ARTHUR

The victorious and the vanquished Generals, accompanied by their Staffs, met on January 5 at a cottage in the Chinese village of Suifu, and drank to each other's health, as one brave man to another. General Stoessel said that he had not expected such consideration, and that he and General Nogi were old friends than as the commanders of hostile armies.

STOESSEL DISPLAYING THE GIFT DECLINED BY HIS CONQUEROR.

DRAWN BY L. SABATIER FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY GENERAL STOESSEL TO OUR SPECIAL ARTIST DURING THE VOYAGE FROM PORT SAID.



SHOWING HIS PACE FOR THE LAST TIME: GENERAL STOESSEL EXHIBITING HIS CHARGER TO GENERAL NOGI.

After the meeting at which the terms of capitulation of Port Arthur were signed, General Stoessel desired to present his favourite charger to General Nogi. General Nogi, however, pointed out that it was scarcely within the power of General Stoessel to do so, as the horse must now be regarded as part of the spoils of war. Ultimately Baron Nogi consented to accept the horse on behalf of the Japanese people (though not as a personal gift), and undertook to see that it was well cared for.

A DOG THAT WENT THROUGH THE SIEGE: THE RUSSIAN HEROINE'S FAVOURITE.

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR AND SUPPLIED BY GENERAL STOESEL TO OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



MADAME STOESEL, THE HEROINE OF THE PORT ARTHUR SIEGE, AND HER FAVOURITE JAPANESE SPANIEL.

The dog survived the siege and accompanied Madame Stoessel home. It appears in her arms in the small photograph we published last week of Madame Stoessel leaving the steamer at Port Said.



SAVING THEIR HOUSEHOLD GODS: THE GARRISON OF PORT ARTHUR EVACUATING THE FORT

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. MATANIA.

A BRITISH PRINCESS THE FUTURE QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY: THE BETROTHAL OF A GUELPH AND A BERNADOTTE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FLOMMAN, STOCKHOLM; AND LAFAYETTE.



PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT, BETROTHED TO PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.



PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY, BETROTHED TO PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT.

Prince Gustavus is the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, and the great-great-grandson of Napoleon's Marshal Bernadotte, who was elected King of Sweden on the failure of heirs to Charles XIII.

THE EXCEPTIONAL MARK OF ROYAL FAVOUR TOWARDS ARMY AND NAVY ATHLETICS.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT QUEEN'S CLUB GROUNDS.



THE KING AND THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN THE NAVY AND ARMY AT QUEEN'S CLUB, FEBRUARY 25.

The Association football match between the Navy and Army was played in presence of five thousand spectators. The game resulted in a victory for the Army by two goals to nil. The portraits in the royal box, taken from left to right, are those of Colonel Sir Edward Ward, the Prince of Wales, the King, Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, and the Earl of Clarendon. The King and the Prince watched the game with the greatest interest, and remained to the end. His Majesty has not attended a football match for a very long time, and then only the University contests. This was his first visit to a Navy and Army match.

A PATHETIC SCENE AFTER THE ASSASSINATION: COLLECTING MEMENTOES OF THE DEAD.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOPKOPK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROULIN, MOSCOW



ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE GRAND DUKE'S CARRIAGE: THE SCENE AT THE NIKOLSKY GATES OF THE KREMLIN AFTER THE BODY HAD BEEN REMOVED.

The Grand Duke's body was conveyed to one of the Kremlin chapels by a company of Guardsmen; and when the shattered remains of the carriage had been cleared away, the spot where the deed was done was fenced in and a cross covered with wreaths erected upon it. On another page we show this temporary memorial. The people eagerly searched the ground for mementoes of the dead Grand Duke.

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**"MAKES HOME, SWEET HOME
IN DEED."**

MUSIC.

THE "SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA."

The new Strauss symphony has been presented to one of the largest audiences we have seen in the Queen's Hall, and its reception has proved that musical London overlooks the more obvious faults for the sake of the quality of the thought, the inspiration of the development, and the brilliant presentation of the composer's less recondite ideas. It seems best to regard Dr. Strauss's work as absolute music, with

of the last the oboe d'amore has been brought back to the orchestra. Hitherto the present generation has seldom heard this charming instrument, save where it has been introduced for the purpose of producing a special effect. The three themes have little melodic worth, but they can boast what their composer values more, an almost inexhaustible affinity for each other. Their powers of combination are remarkable, and while suggesting the endless relations between father, mother, and child, their treatment endows the symphony with most of its colour. Where the composer seeks melody

that calls us to recognise a master. Against these tranquil moments must be set passages where counterpoint seems to stand divorced from harmony, where the violins range beyond their legitimate limits, as though to seek an exit from pandemonium or, alternatively, to offer the composer some medium for getting back to perspicuity. At times like these only the recurrence of some version of a main theme stands between the listener and cacophony, and the strain upon the proper capacity of



A TRAIN-CARRYING PADDLE-STEAMER: VESSEL JUST BUILT AT DUNDEE FOR THE BENGAL-NAGPUR RAILWAY COMPANY, TO CONVEY TRAINS ACROSS THE HOOGHLY.

certain limitations deliberately fixed: There is small satisfaction to be derived from the well-meant suggestions of an analytical programme; there is, indeed, a constant temptation to burlesque them. Music of the kind we are discussing cannot yield its secrets at a single hearing, and the sanctuary that shadows the composer's inner meaning can be approached only by people whose intellect is on the same plane as his own. But there are points of interest that lie on or near the surface, and with these we must be content until further hearing reveals more of the master's mood.

There are three main themes, suggesting father, mother, and child, and for the presentment

his originality deserts him: we seem to hear one of the Mendelssohn songs without words, a little reminiscence of the opening music from the last act of "Tristan," and, accepting the authority of the programme, more than one German folk-song. There is no ground for complaint here. Beethoven was known to borrow from Mozart, Gounod from Mendelssohn, and a large part of Handel's "Israel in Egypt" was the property of lesser men. Suffice it that with Richard Strauss subject matters very little, treatment is everything, and in the "Symphonia Domestica" there are long calm passages of enchanting beauty that stimulate the mind, develop our appreciation of what is exquisite in musical expression, and have the indefinable quality

certain instruments, notably the violins, flutes, and horns, is merciless. To our ears, untrained in the Strauss tradition, it seems that the composer has succumbed to the temptation of virtuosity. We are faced with developments from which Richard Wagner would have shrunk abashed; and yet, despite our bewilderment, amusement, or indignation, it is impossible to stifle the inner voice crying amid the din that the development is less abnormal than it seems at first hearing—that our ears, severely chastened though they be, will evolve order out of chaos, and justify everything; from the first violins working below the normal limits of the G string, to the shrill trumpet-call that jars us from time to time throughout the symphony.

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'HE WAS THE MASTER OF THE REVELS TO MANKIND.'



From a Painting by P. F. Poole, R.A. CYMBELINE, Act 3, Scene 6.

On the character of Imogen, who is here pictured disguised as a boy offering payment for food found in the cave or Belarius. Shakespeare lavished all the fascination of his genius; she is the crown and flower of his conception of tender and artless womanhood. Imogen: 'Good Masters, harm me not. . . . Here's money for my meat.' Guiderius: 'Money, youth?' Arviragus: 'All gold and silver rather turn to dirt, as 'tis no better reckoned, but of those who worship dirty Gods!'

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LADIES' PAGES.

I have often thought that if anybody could see the Duchesses of England gathered together in a group, he would be quite ready to conclude that, so far as the ladies are concerned, the place of the highest order in the peerage was justified by the circumstance of looks, at any rate. It would not be easy to find anywhere three more graceful ladies than the three Duchesses, their Graces of Sutherland, Marlborough, and Portland, who were together at their Majesties' first Court. All exceptionally tall, slender, and graceful, they become and are become to perfection by the State robes of such an occasion. The Duchess of Marlborough, though she was not born in the English atmosphere of aristocracy, is one of those American women of whom Paul Bourget speaks, who are "even more charming than their fortunes." Her Grace truly merited the pretty title belonging to her rank as she appeared at Buckingham Palace, in a dress of cloth-of-gold trimmed with a quantity of rich old Venetian point, and a train of pale-blue satin embroidered with gold. The Duchess of Sutherland's gown was white satin elaborately worked with silver on both train and underdress; and the Duchess of Portland had an uncommon and most beautiful dress of delicate yellow and white. The petticoat was white satin embroidered with pearls, and trimmed with yellow roses, and the train was entirely of richest Brussels lace laid over yellow tulle; with this, emerald and diamond ornaments were happily combined. The Duchess of Somerset also had an uncommon and lovely Court gown. The train was of gold and white brocade, trimmed with gold and silver poppies; and the dress was of white satin covered with lace, and strapped over with bands of gold-coloured ribbon closely embroidered with sparkling gold paillettes.

The Marchioness of Salisbury wore a delightful shade of pink mirror velvet, with a deep cape of Venetian point lace. The Marchioness of Lansdowne, who always dresses very quietly, wore a stately but not striking train of grey satin, almost covered with old lace flounces, over a dress of grey mirror velvet. Lady Portsmouth had an original and beautiful dress; the skirt and bodice were white satin draped with tulle embroidered with silver, the flat Louis-Seize front covered with lovely old lace; the train was cloth-of-silver edged and lined with frills of shaded chiffon, the tones merging from mauve to pink; and clusters of pink roses trimmed it down its length. Lady Crossley's train was also adorned with branches of pink roses, but they were embroidered on the grey velvet band that surrounded the cloth-of-silver centre, and silver entered into the embroidery, and made the stems trailing from one cluster to the next; the under-dress was equally beautiful, for the lace that trimmed it was attixed with chains of diamonds. Lady Lawrence's heliotrope satin dress was partly veiled with tulle of the same shade, and partly draped with



A SPRING TAILOR-MADE WALKING-COSTUME.

In black-and-white check, with turban top. The skirt is trimmed with lines of black braid between the box-pleats. The tight-fitting bodice has revers and cuffs of white effect with black, and is covered buttons.

old lace, and was combined with a train of ivory brocade trimmed with tulle fixed on with clusters of spangled roses. Lady Elcho's very pretty dress was white taffetas chiffon embroidered with silver under a train of apple-green velvet. Lady Trevelyan's stately gown was of brocade that had a silver-grey ground embossed with coloured velvet roses, and trimmed with tulle embroidered with grey chenille, worn under a grey velvet train.

There was some doubt with regard to the second Court as to whether coloured dresses might be worn, owing to Court mourning having been ordered for the Russian Grand Duke. However, their Majesties issued an order through the Lord Chamberlain's department that those ladies who had already provided themselves with coloured Court-gowns would be permitted to wear them. The ladies in attendance on the royal party naturally wore black, and the only relief to this sombre colour in the royal circle was given by the debutante's dress of Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg, Princess Beatrice's only daughter. The young Princess, who was attending Court for the first time, wore a charming dress and train of white satin veiled with tulle slightly spangled with silver. The Countess of Airlie, who was in waiting on the Princess of Wales, wore her black dress laid over white satin; it was of not trimmed in a leaf design, cut out in black velvet, the train of black silk trimmed with chiffon frills and jet embroidery. Another effective black-and-white dress was of velvet with fan pleatings let in of white tulle spangled with silver, and a train of black velvet lined with white satin. An entire dress of black Chantilly lace was laid over pale-yellow satin, with a wide line of gold embroidery holding on the founce near the knees; the train was of black velvet, embroidered round the edges with gold, and lined with yellow satin. A very beautiful gown was Lady Jessel's: it was of sky-blue panne, trimmed with Louis Seize bows of pale pink under a train of silver tissue trimmed with Brussels lace, and tulle embroidered with silver. The Pompadour colouring was seen also in a dress of ivory satin embroidered with pink roses and imitation blue ribbon and silver cord; the train was of pale-blue panne trimmed with a beautiful lace founce fixed on with pink roses and pale-blue ribbon bows.

Everybody knows that Lord Salisbury is descended from Queen Elizabeth's great Minister; but few are aware that he is not the representative of the elder line of that statesman, but that this descent of the elder son is represented by the Marquis of Exeter. So it is, however, and hence the little son just born to Lord and Lady Exeter will bear the historic title of Lord Burleigh—or, as the family now prefer to spell the name, Burghley. This was a free country as regards spelling in Tudor times; in that respect they were like what Tennyson calls "the happy beasts": they "knew no sin because they had no law." The name of Burleigh was spelt in nine different

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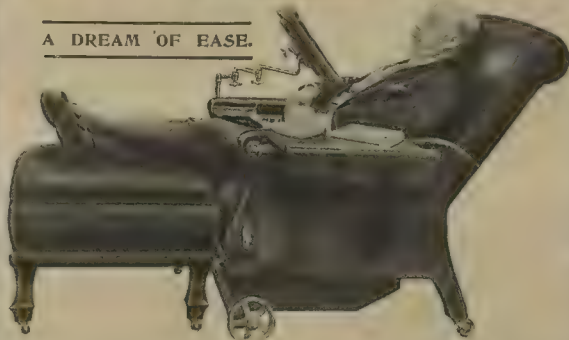
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ways by the Elizabethan statesman's contemporaries! The Minister to whom the great Queen was so faithful all his days was of quite plebeian origin, and owed his foremost position to the Queen's good judgment alone; but the talent of a Sovereign in a despotically ruled country is chiefly shown in choosing the right person to entrust with place and power. The barony, of which the new baby bears the title by courtesy, was granted in 1571 by Queen Elizabeth to her valued servant. The present Lady Exeter is a daughter of Lord Bolton.

Lord Howard de Walden has kindly lent his house for the next St. Patrick's Day sale of the Irish Industries Association—to which, by the way, the prefix of "Royal" has been now given by the King's favour. Seaford House, Belgrave Square, is one of the most beautiful mansions in London, having been recently decorated in exquisite taste by its owner. The clever policy on the part of the management of the Association of annually obtaining, for the purpose of holding the sale, the loan of one of the great houses that it is an interest to visit, is no doubt one reason for the conspicuous financial success of this charitable enterprise. But besides that, the goods offered are all practically useful and excellent value for their price.

An appeal has been addressed by the Ladies' Kennel Association to the railway companies to endeavour to improve the arrangements under which dogs are sent alone by rail, as they have to be when going to shows. Every woman who owns a pedigree and beloved pet will sympathise with the request. But it is so impossible to avoid risk and discomfort to dogs travelling by rail, especially unattended, that it is no wonder that the companies endeavour to check rather than encourage the practice. As matters stand, nobody sends off a dog with a light heart; and it would not work out well to have this unwelcome sentient baggage increased. The Ladies' Kennel Association is prospering since its reconstruction. Lady Aberdeen is such an excellent organiser that any association that obtains the benefit of her notice is almost sure to succeed. There is, however, still standing over a considerable debt on the Association's books, and this will probably prevent the holding of the usual season's dog show at the Royal Botanic Gardens.

I really cannot consider as practical a suggestion put forth by Lady Aberdeen and a few other ladies, that all women should give their orders for their new season's clothes six or eight weeks before they want to wear them! The object for which this previousness is recommended is to prevent the season's pressure of work on the dressmakers. But apart from the consideration that if we all, or in large numbers, followed this counsel we should merely antedate the pressure, there are insuperable practical difficulties in



A SMART WALKING-GOWN.

This is built in a light cloth, and trimmed with rows of braid and fancy buttons. The collar and vest are of white, embroidered in colour to match. Hat of white straw trimmed with lilac.

the way. These kindly ladies state that the fashions are well settled a couple of months before the changes of costume are due. This is not exactly correct; the designs and models, indeed, are ready, but no experience of the modiste enables her to predict which out of the various details that are to be set before her customers will be actually taken up by the public taste. How many a new idea has been confidentially shown me in a great house of business, six or eight weeks before the season got into its swing, as something that would surely be the high-water mark of fashion in the coming month or two, and has never been adopted at all—I have never seen it except on the model! Women who want to be really in the front of fashion's ranks, and are not personally so highly placed in society or famous for good looks on the stage as to be able to lead the mode themselves, must wait till the general movement is sufficiently advanced to show the road. As to the women who do not want to be in the front row in the matter of dress, a great many of them buy ready-made gowns; thousands of these are sold each season, and these are all got ready in good time. The "season's pressure" is really only a short passing rush, and only applies to a few workers. All the same, the hint may be taken in certain cases; let us exercise as much forethought as possible, so as to give as much notice as may be to the workers of our requirements.

Although in every respect the season's fashions are changed from last year, it is the millinery which is the most strikingly different. The new hats are entirely unsuitable for matrons, and in all probability will render the return of the bonnet to fashion inevitable. While some of the hats are of extremely small size, others which are larger are tipped up either from the back or the left side with an exaggeration that is in striking contrast to the comfortably sitting and low-trimmed chapeaux to which we have grown accustomed. The small hats are thrown up from the head by enormous bandeaux, either behind or at the side, and these are covered with flowers or ostrich-feather tips. Pale-brown feathers with a brown chip shape and pink roses entwining the crown form an idea which I have seen repeated with slightly varying details several times over. Soft satin ribbon, tied in elaborate and closely folded bows, is an alternative covering to the bandeaux which raise the shapes. Black tulle and chiffon make many of the turbans. The ideal trimming of a turban is something upstanding at the left side near the front. An osprey aigrette meets the case, but those who prefer not to wear this trimming may substitute for it a cluster of flowers with a twist of ribbon or a twirled

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zigrette of tulle. The straws which are used are of light varieties, and crinoline will be particularly fashionable. Tuscan straw also is in great favour. As usual, floral toques have appeared for the spring. A round toque entirely covered with violets in their natural colours and with green leaves is very pretty and becoming. In another, forget-me-nots and pink button roses are combined, and pink and white are all folded into the bow. The cachemire sprays of lilac in natural colour and pink hyacinths with mauve satin ribbon form

How very complete and beautiful may now be the installation of the English home. The ideal arrangement is to be able to prepare the rooms themselves in the first place, for the furniture that will be installed therein afterwards; and this is always possible when a lease is taken or a house built. For the fortunate persons who are in any way enabled to select the decoration, or even the latter alone, of their future home, Messrs. Maple have devised most effective assistance. On one floor of their splendid palace of home decorative and furnishing art in Tottenham Court Road, they have decorated a number of rooms, and placed in each apartment exactly the class of furnishings to harmonise best with the treatment of the walls and the work. These fully decorated rooms are also ideal for construction; windows, cupboards, and "ornaments" of various kinds are all in harmony; so that when you are building your own house, all you have to do



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is to select the style that meets your taste, and Messrs. Maple will "do the rest." Moreover, a satisfactory feature is the hanging up in the room itself, as shown, a complete estimate of the price of doing the walls and woodwork, so that it is easy to be sure that one is not overstepping one's intended limits of cost for decoration. Where one room after another—one suite of rooms, rather, I should say—is charming and original, it is difficult to choose the most successful; but I think the illustration given conveys an idea of one of the most pleasing and original of

note is struck of the style of the apartment in the hearth, which is its centre, sentimentally speaking. There are bath-rooms and dressing-rooms too, as well as bed-rooms; and most enchanting kitchens with every detail provided for. Amongst the attractive novelties in fittings is a wardrobe which has three sloping shelves fitted with movable slides and pegs for holding all sizes of ladies' hats—an admirable notion. Everybody who is thinking of furnishing ought to go and walk through these suites at Messrs. Maple's establishment.

the several dining-rooms on view. This one is in the late Tudor style, with an inglenook; there is a frieze that seems to be in the old half-timbered fashion, and beneath it is an artistic tapestry-like paper diapered in red and gold; the furnishings are all in light English oak of the fashionable and pleasing "lumed" finish; and old blue China pots and jars seem to supply the appropriate finishing touch of ornamentation. The drawing-room of the same suite is a pleasing contrast. It has a white carved-wood frieze, with beneath it a French grey ingrain paper; and there is pink-covered furniture in graceful Sheraton designs. One suite of rooms is especially arranged for a wealthy bachelor's flat or bijou house. The sitting-room is Queen Anne style, somewhat severe in type, yet bright enough to receive lady visitors in an occasion. Why is it that bachelors can give such extra successful parties, I wonder? The fireplaces are a feature in every room, as they should be, for the

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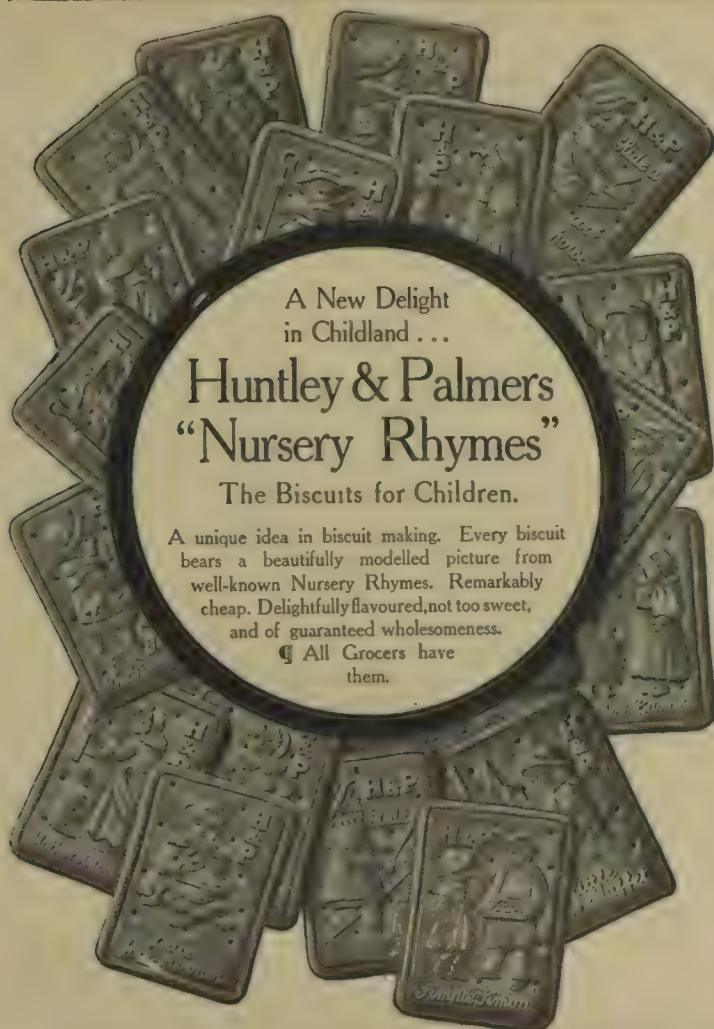
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ART NOTES.

Perhaps London has never before been so multifariously supplied with lessons in painting. The art of England and of France both point a moral and a lesson at the windows of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The Annual Water-Colour Exhibition has opened, with its welcome regularity, for the thirty-ninth time; and here we are bid to be no too modern in our admirations, to forget awhile the French Impressionists, and enjoy the staid and sometimes dull conventions of a century past. It is a curious note how little relation there is between present day water-colour painting and that of contemporary poetry, which was so similar in character.

We have banished and banned as old-fashioned Crabbe and his "Borough," and much of Southey and his like, but Messrs. Agnew and Sons public covet paintings identical in sentiment. They are allied in convention. Six names, at least, in Messrs. Agnew's catalogue can never be dimmed by fashion or by changed convention. Turner has left the mark of his genius on the art of water-colour. He has done more. He is in great degree the reason of the widespread admiration of the art. He is him—If the Master and the School, and the fame of this department of painting is his fame.

The beautiful examples of John Sell Cotman and of T. Girtin exhibited at Messrs. Agnew's show these artists the possessors of the imagination that can be intimate with Nature and always newly enamoured of her beauty. Cotman, who made such liberal use of browns in oil-painting, in these water-colours is fresher, and uses his favourite tint only where a boat and sail move upon water and under a sky of blue. "On the Medway" and "At the Mouth of the Medway" are among the most beautiful drawings in this exhibition. "St. Agatha's Abbey, Easby," and "On the Wharfe, near Farnley," are notable examples of Girtin's genius, being formal in the manner of the time, but, despite the formality, works of great freedom of spirit. David



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EN ROUTE FOR DURANCE VILLE, RUSSIAN PRISONERS FROM THE SHA-HO AT TAKAHAMA,
THE PORT OF MATSUYAMA.

Photographs supplied by T. Ruddiman Johnston, Tokio.

Cox is amply represented; so is De Wint. Burne-Jones's "Venus Epithalamia" introduces the modern decorative conception of the figure into a room filled with landscape of a totally different school—and the contrast is interesting.

For the first time M. Le Sidaner's pictures may be seen in mass; the pleasure may be experienced at the Goupil Galleries. They are paintings of light no less than the pictures we have lately viewed at the Grafton Galleries; but M. Le Sidaner seeks after the emotion belonging to the various hours of the day, he pursues the spirit that haunts the dusk or the late evening, with more persistence than did any one of the French Impressionists. Most beautiful are the two studies at the Goupil Galleries of the French garden, the simple shuttered outward wall of a house, the table set with silver and with glass for an open-air meal, the white tablecloth and white chairs. One of these is painted at that most mysterious time when day still lingers where she can, and night is only an uncertain presence.

W. M.

The Great Northern Railway Company has just published a very useful little compilation intended for farmers, cattle-dealers, and stock-breeders. Its value lies in the comprehensive character of its contents, and its adaptability to be carried in very small compass. The addresses are given of the company's agents, from whom information may be obtained as to the conveyance of horses, cattle, dogs, poultry, etc., by passenger or goods train; and the value of the figures relating to the rates for the conveyance of live-stock by passenger train will be readily appreciated.

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HOT BOVRIL

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MR. HOPKINSON," AT THE AVENUE.

James Hopkinson, Mr. Carton's new Avenue play, which is a comedy of manners—instead of, as he should, comedy of manners—it has one feature that, while scarcely noticeable perhaps during its progress, cannot but produce in an observant spectator an after-feeling of depression. For Mr. Carton's latest *dramatis personæ* are the very nastiest and most odious group of people that any recent dramatist has put on the London stage. The "smart set's" vices have not been painted lively, but never—even in "The Walls of Jericho"—has this particular section of English society been presented in so despicable a light as in the story of "Mr. Hopkinson." From the Duke and Duchess who readily accept as their niece's fiancé a wealthy but caddish little counter-jumper, down to the maid-servant who blackmails this Mr. Hopkinson for a promise, every single character is a model of depravity. Not even grating idealists to the extent of providing a model of depravity, his Lady Thyra is worthy of her foundations, and, though she throws over the insufficient Mr. Hopkinson, is content to wed a *divorcé* who thinks it humorous to get married on money borrowed from his stingy rival. The callous meanness, in fact, of these folk, no less than their brazen selfishness and amorality, would simply disgust were these qualities not most ingeniously made the cause of perpetual comedy. For, where Mr. Sutro resorts to rhetoric, Mr. Carton tries the effect of ridicule and wit. He is assisted by a brilliant cast which includes Mr. Fred Kerr, rather deliberate as the Duke; Miss Compton, cast for her usual lethargic society rôle, save that this time she may not be good-natured; Miss Ellen O'Malley, just the self-possessed "smart" girl of to-day; Mr. Kemble, perfect, of course, in the part of a valetudinarian diplomat; and

Mr. James Welch, whose Mr. Hopkinson is one of the most admirably stippled and carefully detailed of all his creations. Whether Mr. Hopkinson would not have proved more adaptable is a moot point; but his case being standing, it is wonderful what entertainment our English Capus has extracted from so many ugly characters.

"MY LADY NICOTINE," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The new ballet-divertissement at the Alhambra is founded upon a novel and excellent idea. Doubtless the management set out to present the fascinating subject of tobacco in pictures as dainty and elusive as the smoke ring that curls skywards in ever-changing shape and colour. But there is many a slip between the cigarette and the lip, and it would be idle to pretend that "My Lady Nicotine" realises all the possibilities that present themselves even to the mere imaginative slave of the weed. "Tobacco and opium," said Emerson, "have broad backs and will cheerfully carry the load of armies," and, if this is so, tobacco might well have borne the burden of a ballet-divertissement. Unfortunately, the delicate, fanciful touch is lacking; where we look for poetry in dance-measure, music, and action, we find prose—excellent prose of its kind, but not what we set out to see. The solo-dancing tends to be acrobatic rather than orthodox, and when one lady did offer a *pas de bourrée*, she danced anywhere save on her toes. Perhaps the first and last scenes were the best: the former a quaint and pleasing picture of a plantation in Virginia, the latter a well-imagined presentation of the abode of "My Lady Nicotine." Two dances by cigarette-girls in this last tableau were charming. The greater part of Mr. Byng's score is both tuneful and scholarly, and the stage-management of the production maintains the Alhambra traditions of animation and hard work. If we are not able to write in terms of enthusiasm about "My Lady Nicotine" it is because we judge it by the Alhambra's own high standard.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Among Churchmen there is general satisfaction that Weymouth has been definitely fixed upon as the place of the next Church Congress. Salisbury was unsuitable, as it possesses no large hall, and an expensive temporary structure would have been required. Weymouth is well equipped in the Memorial Hall erected by Sir John Groves, and there are convenient buildings for smaller meetings. The Bishop of Salisbury will preside over the Congress.

The Rev. Walter Farrar, D.D., Rector of Hawkchurch, Axminster, has been appointed Bishop of Antigua. He has already had experience of work in the West Indian field. A year ago he obtained leave of absence, and went out to Jamaica as acting Principal of the Theological College at Kingston, and his leave of absence has recently been extended. The nomination, when formally accepted by Dr. Farrar, must be confirmed by the Bishop of the West Indian province.

Archdeacon Wilson, who succeeds the late Canon Cresswell Strange as Canon of Worcester Cathedral, was a master at Rugby for twenty years, serving under Dr. Temple, Dr. Hayman, and Dr. Jex-Blake. In 1879 he became head-master of Clifton College, where he remained until 1890, when he was appointed Vicar of Rochdale and Archdeacon of Manchester. His favourite subjects are geology and astronomy. The Archdeacon is one of the most influential and highly respected members of the Broad Church school.

Canon Hensley Henson lately visited New College, Hampstead, and presided over a public debate. He congratulated the students on their knowledge of Anglican authors, and said that if they came to a Church of England debate they would hear Nonconformist divines quoted in the same familiar fashion. This, he thought, was a most encouraging sign, as it marked a deep fundamental agreement.

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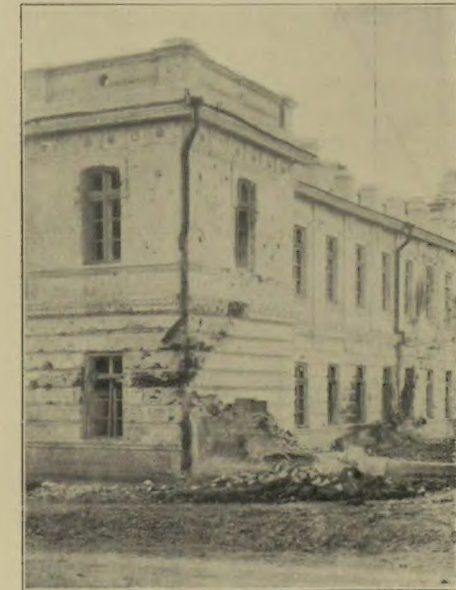
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The question of firing on the Port Arthur hospitals presented a curious parallel to an incident in the siege of Paris. During both operations the besieged complained of the shells that fell on the hospitals; but in each case the besiegers were able to show that, owing to the long range of the firing, such occurrences were entirely unintentional. The Japanese also pleaded that long use had rendered their guns somewhat unreliable.



A GENEROUS FOE: THE JAPANESE SALUTING THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS DURING THE EVACUATION OF PORT ARTHUR.

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. MATANIA.



General Fock.

THE TORPEDO-TUBE READY FOR FIRING.



THE TORPEDO LEAVING THE TUBE.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN FLIGHT: THE TORPEDO USED AS A LAND MISSILE BY THE RUSSIANS AT PORT ARTHUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY GENERAL STOENSEL TO OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE CROSS AND WREATHS BEFORE THE ERECTION OF THE RAILING.—[Photo Bakoulin.]



REVERENCE BY COMRADES IN ARMS FOR THE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS'S MEMORY: THE SPOT WHERE HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS FELL, ENCLOSED AND MARKED BY A CROSS.

PHOTO BY HOFF.

On February 20 the Kieff Regiment, of which the Grand Duke was Colonel, had a cross erected on the scene of the murder, and the tribute cross enclosed by a light wooden paling.